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OLD FRIENDS.

BY ALICE CARY.

You with fortune's gale that float,
Welcome to my neighborhood!
Pleasant is your manor now,
But, oh friends, of rainy weather,
Yonder love I bear to you,
We have kissed rain-winds together.

Pleasure's the occasion may never,
But the ties of sorrow, never;
And, old friends, though bitter storms
Part us, in my demesne I gather
Each of you in memory's arms,
And we sail all sorrow together.

All night long toward that the shore
Whither hope has gone before,
Why! its prowlins now in low—
Time has cut yonder golden tether,
And we feel the autumn Dow
Falling on our hands together.

But though gloom our voyage embraces,
Day breaks brightest in the clouds;
And though earth be dark and cold,
Heaven is made of showery weather,
And in rain we're growing old,
There, we shall grow young together.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSCRIPT," "THE HUGUENOT MAID," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A violent rattling at the door aroused Mr. Lecour from his leaden slumbers, but the voice of old Rody reassured him, as he started up in affright. The broad glare of daylight was streaming into the apartment through the open curtains, and the pale flame of the candles looked feeble and sickly in contrast with it.

He glanced around the room, and hurriedly replacing the curtain over the picture of the unhappy queen, proceeded to open the door.

The negress stood without, with the breakfast tray lightly poised upon her head, and she peered curiously at her master while she arranged the table. She noted the disorder in which the room was left by his wild dance of the previous night, and with a degree of familiarity which had become habitual to her, she bluntly said—

"Seems to me de debbil's bin to pay here las' night. What's gwine to come o' you, I'd like to know, if you keeps on makin' up like mad, as you'n bin doin' o' late? I learn you a eternals' act gobs' on even in my ole shanty, dar so far off."

"Why didn't you come to me then, you old thunder cloud? I am sure I called you loud enough, if you had chosen to hear me."

The woman gave him a shrewd glance as she replied:

"I've come aforetime at your call, as' you knows what I got for dat' venture. Now-days you, sir; old Rody's head aint a-gwine to poke itself where it'll be likely to get punched for nothin'. Is dese letters to go in de post-office, sir? Pierre is uncommon willin' to take 'em for he's crazy 'bout another lookr of de stuff dat takes away de use o' de little brains de creeter have."

"Put the room in order, and take the letters to Pierre, with strict orders from me not to get drunk again, or I will punish him with a night in the picture-room. That threat will keep him sober, I think."

"Hi! I don' 'no' dat; cuz you see, fool as he is, Pierre knows you aint a-gwine to put him in dar. The fastest reason is, he'd die o' fright afore you'd gib him in, an' de nex' is, you'n got too many o' yer own devilries shet up in dar for you to be willin' to let him see 'em."

Pat into a good humor by the succulent breakfast she had provided for him, Mr. Lecour only laughed at a liberty of speech which, in another mood, he might have punished; but the shrewd old woman knew when to utter her jests, and her master rather liked her for the independence of her replies. He only said—

"You had better not try my forbearance too far, or you may chance to get a taste of punishment though you would be certain to blab everything you now if you could only find a listener."

"An' a listener I shall soon have, I suppose, in dat fine young lady what's comin' here to live to de ole mobbe, for it's my 'pinion dat de chances is even for one or t'other. I wonder to know what room I'm to fix for her, cuz de gobbins has took possession of all de good rooms o' de house, an' you wouldn't like her to live in de lady's room, I reckin."

A sickly pallor swept over the face of her master, and hastily replied—

"I have changed my mind, Jacksaw, and your young mistress will not come to us. You need not trouble yourself about finding a room for her, for I have written to forbid her to leave France. Recollection convinced me that no young girl could exist a week in this old den, with such a companion as I should be for her."

"Bless de Lor'! dat same scene have come back to you through de Eddy's anglification. I'd be glad sout' to see anything young an' any a-comfo' in here to brighten an' cheer up. I 'spects how she'll gine herself to death. Ah, well, sir, I'll take de letters to my ole man, an' make him understand dat dey mus' go by de berry next chance."

Secretly rejoiced that her young mistress was not coming, Rody took the letters away, and a short time afterward Pierre, mounted on a small creole pony, leaned from the tangled lawn that surrounded Castle Dismal, and trotted off upon his errand. The small trading house on the bank of the Mississippi to which letters were slowly transmitted from New Orleans, was dignified with the name of post-office by the negro, but it was in reality only a depôt for such goods as were necessary to the few planters in the vicinity. The duty of our story goes back to the early part of the present century; when Napoleon was meditating the seizure of imperial authority, and but one year previous to the transfer of Louisiana to the government of the United States. At that day letters were long in reaching their destination, and those to which Pierre bore replies had been two months upon their way.

The road by-through wide fields cultivated in sugar and indigo, the hut of which was destined to give place to others, and finally to merge into a mile from the house, he passed a high-roofed Spanish building, surrounded by cottages, which formed the negro quarter to his master's estate; but Pierre knew better than to pause there, for he was not permitted to hold any intercourse with the other blacks. To prevent it the more effectually, Mr. Lecour had purchased himself, his wife and son from Virginia, while the bonds upon the place were either Africans or natives of the colony, who spoke only a corrupt kind of French. Another recommendation of the old pair was that their child was dumb—he could not reveal the secrets of his prison-house, even if tempted to do so. But this poor lad did not live many years after his transfer to a new climate.

Pierre had proceeded about half the distance toward the landing, when he observed two persons on horseback approaching him. One was a tall, dark man, with regular features and but just beginning to be tinged with gray. His eyes were black, piercing, yet cold in their expression, revealing an unscrupulous nature, combined with fearlessness of consequences which would make him a formidable antagonist. He was mounted on a magnificent horse, of a deep chestnut color, which looked as fiery as his rider.

The companion of this traveller was a young girl, mounted upon a white horse, very handsomely caparisoned, that caressed and bounded along as if conscious of its unusual loveliness of its burden. It so daintily bore. A thick trembling dress and a hood of the same color veiled her head, and fell around her face which, lovely as it unquestionably was, yet possessed as much character as that of the stranger. Her brow was high and smooth, with dark, sweeping lashes shading large brown eyes, that had a calmness and depth of expression which gave a clue to the power of her will—for such she possessed.

Her mouth was beautifully curved, with lips of rich red, and pearly teeth, but that, with the softly rounded chin, revealed refinement of nature, combined with firmness, and constancy in the pursuance of that guilt, which conscience told her was the right one for her to walk in.

She looked from side to side with an expression of eager interest, and betrayed no violent annoyance to her companion, who was saying:

"It is not yet too late to revoke your decision, Mademoiselle. I assure you, it will be impossible for you to live under the same roof with Mons. Mendon, for such Mr. Lecour undoubtedly is. I will accompany you there, since you will have it so, and permit you to judge for yourself. After seeing this old recluse, you may be willing to avail yourself of the invitation of my wife and mother to remain with her until you can settle upon some plan for your future."

The girl sadly shook her head.

"It is not—I thank you from my heart for the kindness you have shown toward me, but I cannot accept Madame Crozier's offer till after her second marriage. My brother lived but a few years after his own second, M. Montreuil and Eugene died. For several years Louise lived as mistress, but then she laid aside her mourning, and filled her house with company.

"One evening a stranger came to her door. He was a man over forty, of attractive exterior, and singular fascination of manner. In the old savage pun are about to encounter, you will see few remains of this, but that he possessed strange power to charm was evinced by the fact that he soon won the regard of my sister, though she had many lovers for younger and better suited to her in every respect.

"Mr. Lecour brought letters of introduction from some friends in France, and one among them seemed to move Madame Mendon to a very singular manner. She wept over it till she was blind into a violent paroxysm of hysterics, but her friends soon saw that the bearer of it had established over her an influence paramount to that of every other person.

"In ended, as you may anticipate, in her giving him her hand against the advice of every friend she had. Their fears for her happiness were soon verified; Mr. Lecour severed her from all that had been dear to her, insisted that I should return to my own family, and soon refused admittance to her most intimate friends. I have every reason to believe that he forced her to commit suicide by a systematic course of illtreatment. After her death he produced a document properly executed, which enabled him to retain the estate bequeathed to his wife ey her father."

The listener sighed heavily as she listened to this discouraging recital. She presently said—

"This old man cannot be God-forsaken, Monsieur, for am I not sent to him as a saving miracle of grace? I feel in my heart that compassion for him, which I humbly trust will enable me to be of use to him in the unhappy condition to which he is reduced."

"Make the effort, then, in God's name," replied Mr. Mendon, with an impatient movement, and an expression upon his features which betrayed how little he sympathized with her enthusiasm, which led her to such a sacrifice of self.

"When you have satisfied yourself that his brutality is too great to be borne, come to my mother. Her heart and home will alike be open to you. I say nothing of myself, because from me you may be unwilling to accept an obligation, but I shall not the less be on the qui vive about everything that concerns your welfare."

"I thank you deeply, gratefully, and I will remember what you have just said, should the occasion which you anticipate arise. I regard it as an especial piece of good fortune that I chanced to meet yourself and your mother upon the boat. Without your kind care of me, I should indeed have been in a forlorn condition."

"And we, in our turn, are glad to have established a claim on you, Mademoiselle. In some sort you seem to belong to us, as we were the first to welcome you to the old French land. Ah, what have we here? Pierre, the servant of Mr. Lecour, as I live! The old man seems to change with the lapse of time, for he looks to me nearly or he did ten years ago."

Pierre also recognized Mr. Mendon, and checking his pony to offer him a salutation by taking off his ragged hat, and grinning from ear to ear.

"Ef it, massa Mendon, be sight o' you is good for my eyes, sure 'nuff. I tole de ole 'oman dis war gwine to be a lucky day for me."

"You may well say that, Pierre," replied Mr. Mendon, with a smile, "for it brings you an angel in the person of your young mistress."

The negro bowed lowly before the lovely girl, who added a courtly bow, him, and said—

"I have come to live with my grandfather, Pierre, and see him he is properly taken care of in his old age."

The disconcernment the whites of the old man's eyes became doubly conspicuous, and he cried, and see him he is properly—

"Lor' 'gra pre Lu Castle Dismal! Oh, Lor'! dis yer's a awful 'sponsible job for one nigger to 'sume."

"You hear, Mademoiselle," said Mr. Mendon, laughing. "Even this sentiment negro thinks it will be impossible for you to carry out your plan."

"I shall make the attempt, at all events," replied the young lady, decisively. "Since I have braved everything, and crossed the ocean to claim Mr. Lecour's protection, I will not shrink back when almost at his door."

Her cavalier bowed in silence, and again turning to the black, inquired—

"Whither are you bound this morning, Pierre?"

"To de lanin' wi' some letters, an' I 'fuse one on 'em to de dat berry young miste, cuz' her dat my ole marster won't 'gree to have her wi' him on no terms whatsomdever."

"Let me see them."

Pierre handed over the two letters for his inspection, and Mr. Mendon read aloud the address of each:

Adrienne held out her hand for her own, but the negro interfered, and respectfully said—

"Scuse me, young miste, but you see my marster is a rampageous sort of man, an' if I don't do what he 'tells me 'bout dem letters, he mought hurt my feelin's, an' I'm 'ercumstances tender 'bout 'em."

Mr. Mendon laughed as he said—

"Never mind about that, Pierre. I will explain to Mr. Lecour, and you shall be held blameless. Return with us to Belisle, and I will inform your master of the arrest of his business letter. You can then go on and deliver the other."

"Is it Belisle sight, sir, you is-gwine to it? Oh, Lor'! is de worl' a comin' to a end dat de 'stroyd happen?"

"I hope not, old fellow; but full behind can follow us, for I shall certainly call on Mr. Lecour this morning."

The three rode on in silence, for as they drew near the old mansion, each one had much to speculate on as to what would be the issue of the approaching interview. Adrienne threw her bridle over her arm, and broke the seal of her letter. She grew pale as she read the positive prohibition to her to leave the sanctuary to which she had been placed. Mr. Mendon watched her keenly, and his dark eyes flashed with exultation as they read the pitiable expression of indecision that swept over her features. He earnestly said—

"It is as I supposed, Mademoiselle. Mr. Lecour will not succeed in separating us. My humiliate yourself by asking shelter of him at all? Return with us to Belisle, and never be useless another moment."

Adrienne slowly folded her letter, and placed it in the pocket of her dress. She sat length and said—

"Since I am so near my grandfather, I must first see him, and then decide if it will be strictly necessary for me to accept your offer. Since I have abandoned the asylum in which he though me safe with my own letter ever before me, it is only right to appeal to him for protection before renouncing that of any other person. He is my natural guardian, and I trust he will not refuse shelter to his only descendant. At all events, I can but try."

Mr. Mendon silently acquiesced in her decision, though it filled him with vexation, and they rapidly rode on till they left the open country, and entered the thick woodland matted together with clinging vines into an almost impervious jungle. A narrow pathway wound through this, and they were obliged to single themselves to advance upon it.

Mr. Mendon took the lead, followed by Adrienne, and when the sombre shadows fell over her, she experienced a shuddering oppression at her heart, which was a premonition of all she was to suffer in the dreary cloud beneath which she so courageously pursued her way.

CHAPTER IV.

The party wound slowly forward for many moments before an opening appeared. At length they reached a neglected hedge which surrounded a wide lawn now choked with weeds and undergrowth, that had encroached upon the ground even to the doorstep. A colonnade covered with grewel was the only portion free in a measure from dank weeds, and in the circle it enclosed stood a broken fountain, the waters of which had once flowed through a cluster of marble water-lilies. Now it was dry, the fountain broken and falling, and the pipes left to decay. The few flowers that survived such neglect looked wretched, and only served to add to the dreariness of the impression produced by the whole scene.

Mr. Mendon and his companion reached the front of the building and dismounted. On looking around for Pierre they found that he had disappeared; in fact, he had struck off into a side path leading to the quarters of Rody, to warn her of the unexpected arrival of strangers.

The front door of Castle Dismal was covered with dead autumn leaves, and the huge iron knocker was red with rust from disuse. It was with much effort at length forced to perform its accustomed office, and the sound reverberated through the solitary house like a sudden clap of thunder. All was silent once, and again the loud summons awakened the echoes around. The second time Mr. Mendon had struck the knocker violently open, his head was thrust over the balustrade of the balcony which ran above the door, and his angry voice asked:

"Who the devil is making my door down? Is it not yet understood that I admit no strangers into my house? Go to the quarters, that means, or I will let loose my bloodhound upon you!"

Mr. Mendon was about to reply, and explain the cause of their appearance, when the door suddenly unclosed, and Rody in her bright calico dress, and with turbaned head, stood before them. She seemed in a most perturbed state of mind, and as soon as Mr. Mendon was visible she exclaimed:

"Bless Adolphe, I mus' open de door when yes knocks, let de consequins be what dey may. I'm glad to see a welcome face, for I'm nearly afeiard!"

"I believe it, Rody, and I am glad to see your good-natured face again. I have not my foot in this house once more, to bring to a shelter the child of his present owner. Mademoiselle Durand intends to take up her abode at Belisle, if she finds it possible to remain here."

Adrienne held out her hand to the old woman; she took it, pacred wistfully into her face, and gravely shaking her head led the way into the lower room of the eastern tower. She requested them to be seated, while she went up to her master, and explained the cause of the intrusion.

Adrienne glanced around the apartment with deep interest. It had evidently been adorned by a woman of refined taste and genial culture,

with wealth at her command. The faded walls were painted in fresco, representing the history of Hector and Andromache. The floor was laid in a mosaic made of the dark and light woods furnished by the Southern Isles, and statues stood in the angles of the wall, for like the other towns, it was an octagon. Faded curtains of blue brocade draped the windows, and carved furniture of the Louis Quatorze style, with cushions of the same material upon the sofa and chairs, filled the apartment.

A small inlaid table contained the favorite volumes of her who had once been the presiding spirit of that foreign court, and beside them stood a vase filled with faded flowers, placed there years before, and left to wither in memory for the old regime, who denied the fruitfulness necessitated, but left them with a look of regretstillness reverence for the mistress whose hands had placed them there in her happiness a few hours before the last set in the sad tragedy which those walls had witnessed. What followed, Endy shuddered to remember, and she never entered that room without devoutly crossing herself, and glancing around, as if the scene enacted there sprang up before her in all its vivid reality of horror. She guarded her secret faithfully, and only to herself, and the mangled remains, were known the words that were spoken upon the floor, which looked as if coffee had been spilled upon it. Once it gleamed with a brighter hue, but, as I have said, the secret was well kept.

With a painful contraction of the heart, Mr. Mendon walked around the apartment, and he had sincerely loved the charming woman who had wielded over a portion of his boyhood, and the last time he stood in that room she had clasped him to her heart, and wept bitterly for his anguish over their enforced separation.

A relief picture hung above the parting of Hector and Andromache, and with almost irreverent awe he lifted the curtain, and said in a suppressed tones:

"Look up, Mademoiselle, and behold the sweet face I have told you your own so strikingly resembles."

Adrienne beheld a fair woman, with blonde hair hanging in long curls nearly to her waist—a very wealth of almond, infantile sweetness of expression, and large, dark, sorrowful eyes.

"Ah, Madame Lavoie is the picture of her I am," exclaimed the young girl, and she gazed with rapt expression upon those eyes that seemed to beam upon her with tender regard. An indefinable sympathy existed. Was she not the original of that picture, and tears started in her own eyes as she gazed upon it.

Mr. Mendon glanced from one to the other, and said:

"To me the living face is more interesting than the pictured one, but it is a matter of no power, which my unfortunate sister looked. But you are wonderfully like her, Adrienne, and I fear that resemblance will prejudice to an additional bar to your remaining here."

She turned toward him with an expression of surprise, but the answer, implying assent, which was arrested by the appearance in the doorway of the lawyer, Mr. Le Grand, who, with a look of an old decrepit dressing-gown, faded and worn nearly threadbare, and his long hair and beard, while as a man-of-all, contrasted somewhat with the vivid passion that blazed in his eyes, convulsed the middle lips, and caused the very cheeks to the pallor of death.

Adrienne involuntarily shrank back, and sought to shelter herself behind the tall form of her companion. The latter, who had not noticed the room, confronted Mr. Mendon, and said, in deep, stern tones:

"You here, Adolphe Mendon! I thought that you long since abandoned the scene of your perfidy to shelter to you or yours."

"I understand that perfectly, Mr. Lecour; but as I have brought to you your own child, I think I may be pardoned for the intrusion. This visit shall be brief enough to satisfy you."

"And is it not enough to come unbidden into the house which was so long been closed on you, but you must violate the sanctity of that curtain which no sacrilegious hand has lifted for years. Who is this girl? What do you mean by my child? I have no child, and you well know it does not look as if she belonged to my race."

"Yet this is Mademoiselle Durand, whom I have said your grandchild, Monsieur. This young lady has crossed the ocean with me for the purpose of sharing the solitude in which you live."

"At this announcement Mr. Lecour turned to the agitated Adrienne, and harshly asked:

"Why did you not wait for my reply to your letter before you came on such an errand as this? I said you might look to your parents as escaped nun, and I do not care if they put you in prison, and feed you on bread and water for your disobedience to my wishes."

"Sir," replied Adrienne, meekly, with dignity, "I am here as Mademoiselle Durand's protector, and in my presence you need not threaten me in your usual brutal manner. If you refuse to receive her, she can find an asylum with my stepmother, who already knows and appreciates her."

Mr. Lecour glanced from one to the other, and then coldly said:

"Get along with you then. Take her away as soon as may be, for I'll see are to have my claims disputed. I will have nothing to say to her."

Hitherto Adrienne had stood in the shadow of Mr. Mendon's stalwart form, but she now stepped forward, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, and imploringly said:

"Oh! *mon père*, after all my efforts to reach you, is this the reception you give me? Let me remain with you, I entreat; let me become the minister of peace and bright love, and not be to your heart closed to the claims of your daughter's child!"

His gaze fell upon her upturned face; he started, staggered back, and lifted his hand in a deprecating manner as he faltered:

"You—you the child of Estelle Lecour! Her baby mark as the raven's wing, and the same cast block in the shoe. No, no, no! It cannot be—it cannot be!"

"Yet my father was his; I have been told. Yes, Mr. Lecour, I am the child of your sister's love, and I claim a home beneath your roof. I have fled from my country for it, and will not thus return to it. Let me remain with you, I entreat, for I am a stranger in a strange land, with no claim on any one save you. If I prove a burden to you, I promise in the future to find the means of making my own support. Now, I only ask for protection; if I can render myself necessary to your happiness, you will then permit me to remain under your roof."

"*Blasphème!*" he repeated, with scornful bitterness. "I do not know what to say or to think; but since you are so confident of teaching me that such a thing exists, you may remain and try the experiment. Since I find that Mr. Mendon and his mother are anxious to take you off my hands, I believe I will accept their offer and forego my revolt."

Ungracious as this permission was, Adrienne received it with an expression of joy which caused Mr. Mendon to frown and bite his lip with vexation. She gracefully offered him her hand, and looked appealingly in his face, as she said:

"Pardon me, if I step even with such a reception as this. My duty is here; this is truly my home; but I will soon see you again. When Mr. Lecour learns how kind you and your good mother have been to me, he will not prohibit our meeting again."

Mr. Lecour hastily broke in:

"Hold, Miss Durand, positively prohibit it; and Mr. Adolphe knows better than to thwart me. You perform—if you remain with me it must be on my own terms."

Mr. Mendon whispered:

"Leave him to me, madame, Mademoiselle, and some where happiness enters your acceptance. This is not your home here, even if the old ogre does not break your heart."

She flashed upon him an expression of reserve swept over her fair face, and she decidedly said:

"It is a happiness I cannot forego, Monsieur. Place no hopes on me, for they can only meet with disappointment. My gratitude is yours for the kindness received, but my duty is here. I must remain with my grandfather."

He muttered some unintelligible words, bowed low, and turned to depart. He had reached the door when a new impulse seemed to move him, and he returned to his host, stood, with bowed head, before him; he held out his hand, and said:

"If you should need me, command my services. Remember that I am always your fast friend."

Before she could thank him, Mr. Mendon was gone, and the strong heart which had courageously sworn against the wiles and blandishments of her long voyage, seemed to faint within her as the sound of the brave's words died away in the distance; and when she caught the cold glass of Mr. Lecour's wine, which stood nearby, she, at his times, she sank into a chair and burst in tears.

With more consideration than he had ever been expected of him, the old man remained silent until the burst of emotion had spent itself. He motioned to Endy to leave the room, and quietly poured a glass of wine for the girl to speak.

Making a violent effort for self-control, she looked up, wiped away the tears from her eyes, and faltered:

"Pardon me, *mon père*, but I have borne so much to get here, that I am quite overcome by the reaction of all I have passed through."

"Hem! well—yes, it was a long journey for a young girl to undertake. Excuse my want of spirit of your own to carry it through as you have done. You must forget that I have lived outside the holy sisterhood among whom you have been educated by Mr. Mendon's mother, courage."

Pleased by the change in his tone, Adrienne half smiled as she commenced her narrative.

"The Lady Superior of the convent informed you that I occasionally visited one of my classmates. A few days after she had taken the veil I was patched to you, a pressing request came that I should be permitted to visit her in her dying hours. Mademoiselle Le Grand, on the occasion of her approaching separation from the world, was willingly consented, but as the bride was the niece of a high dignitary of the church, and the daughter of an officer distinguished among the friends of the Bourbons, I feared that my visit would refuse.

"From my childhood the Abbess had looked on me as one destined to the cloister, and these glimpses of brilliant worldly life, she fancied might influence me against the vows I must soon choose for me. But that was not needed, for I shuddered the thought of becoming a nun. So I consent, and when I set out to join the bridal party, it was with the understanding that I was never never to return to it."

She paused a moment to how to proceed, and Mr. Lecour significantly said:

"I am waiting. Speak the whole truth, I am aware of the lover already."

She blushed deeply, and replied:

"I plighted my pure at the wedding. I had often spoken of my father to Sister Agnes, and the Mother Duverney until now had never ventured to speak of him. Emboldened by the hope of permission to claim my freedom, and be offered him my self to stay my declining years, I did so, but I fortified them, as I always have bullied my secret to them."

He arose and walked up and down the floor with an expression of exultation upon his features, gradually a singular change came over him—a softening, a shadow, which Endy could not define.

"I will not have this room; its atmosphere oppresses—it is rarely opened, for I live in my own chamber. Come, child, I will not be denied; approaches, and Endy will serve it in my room."

CHAPTER V.

Adrienne thus unexpectedly arose to acceptance Mr. Lecour. A valise containing all her wardrobe, which had been left on board the vessel, had been removed it, but he said:

"Leave it in Endy's room; I prepared a room for you. By the way, I trust you are not afraid of ghosts."

At this abrupt inquiry the young girl grew slightly pale, though she laughed as she replied:

"I have been accustomed to convents, and have a ghost story attached to it; but I believe that I am sufficiently educated to see that my fears and education may be supposed to possess."

"Humph! well, I am glad to hear of that affair, for your courage. I have no doubt you are quite unsuperstitious, and will not be in the least offended people, who refuse to acknowledge it. I tell you that I will not have it, and it is the strongest proof that there is a hereafter. If I could only see the spirit of your father, I am a thorough follower of Voltaire."

Adrienne crossed herself with shuddering eyes, and he went on in the same sardonic tone:

"You have been taught to pray to dead. Mademoiselle, steel your heart and mind against a belief in such nonsense. I had no faith in it. This story seems necessary, for a great many things happen in this old house, which to my the least, are very disagreeable."

He watched her face as he said this, muttered a few words, and then left the room abruptly.

and a wild laugh rang out in the empty hall when the door closed upon him.

"Ha! ha! I see how strong you are! We shall see. Even in the old city, as I or Jew is tended. Do you think you could summon enough courage to pass a night alone in the echoing rooms in the center building? They have been closed for years, and I have a fancy to open them, and they were very kind to me, and if I would have listened to them, they would have taken me home with them; but I thought best to come to your father's house."

"And it is well you did," said Mr. Lecour, confidently. "I am sure that you possessed the threshold first, it should never have crossed again. Those people are my deadliest and bitterest enemies, and they had some sinister object in view, or they would not have urged their hospitality upon you. But what became of the crimes lover who pretended to love you, and wished to be a man's master? Separated so far from you, he can scarcely hope for a re-union on this side of eternity. Methinks, he is but a beggar to be cast after all."

The young girl blushed vividly, and eagerly replied:

"No, Monsieur, you wrong him. I concealed from Victor that I was about to embark for Louisiana. When Mr. Duverney opposited to me, and showed me the ruin I would bring upon his son if I gave him my downrious hand, I resolv. d to withdraw myself from Paris without the knowledge of my lover. The arrangements for my mission were of course conducted with the greatest secrecy, and Victor knew not that I

came with me to Havre under the pretext of making a brief bridal tour."

"It is well for the credit that the good old days of papal supremacy, and *lettres de cachet*, have passed away, or they might perform so well after assisting a young person almost in her novitiate in my own house. It was a bold stroke to come to the Superior to permit you to visit your friend; the walls of the cloister should have been her earthly witness. Oh, child! I wish you were safe back among the good sisters, for I already repent having been a cat's-paw in bringing to me."

She flushed with the expression of reserve swept over her fair face, and she decidedly said:

"It is a happiness I cannot forego, Monsieur. Place no hopes on me, for they can only meet with disappointment. My gratitude is yours for the kindness received, but my duty is here. I must remain with my grandfather."

He muttered some unintelligible words, bowed low, and turned to depart. He had reached the door when a new impulse seemed to move him, and he returned to his host, stood, with bowed forehead, before his cold and cruel heart, and said:

"If you should need me, command my services. Remember that I am always your fast friend."

Before she could thank him, Mr. Mendon was gone, and the strong heart which had courageously sworn against the wiles and blandishments of her long voyage, seemed to faint within her as the sound of the brave's words died away in the distance; and when she caught the cold glass of Mr. Lecour's wine, which stood nearby, she, at his times, she sank into a chair and burst in tears.

With more consideration than he had ever been expected of him, the old man remained silent until the burst of emotion had spent itself. He motioned to Endy to leave the room, and quietly poured a glass of wine for the girl to speak.

Making a violent effort for self-control, she looked up, wiped away the tears from her eyes, and faltered:

"Pardon me, *mon père*, but I have borne so much to get here, that I am quite overcome by the reaction of all I have passed through."

"Hem! well—yes, it was a long journey for a young girl to undertake. Excuse my want of spirit of your own to carry it through as you have done. You must forget that I have lived outside the holy sisterhood among whom you have been educated by Mr. Mendon's mother, courage."

Pleased by the change in his tone, Adrienne half smiled as she commenced her narrative.

"The Lady Superior of the convent informed you that I occasionally visited one of my classmates. A few days after she had taken the veil I was patched to you, a pressing request came that I should be permitted to visit her in her dying hours. Mademoiselle Le Grand, on the occasion of her approaching separation from the world, was willingly consented, but as the bride was the niece of a high dignitary of the church, and the daughter of an officer distinguished among the friends of the Bourbons, I feared that my visit would refuse.

"From my childhood the Abbess had looked on me as one destined to the cloister, and these glimpses of brilliant worldly life, she fancied might influence me against the vows I must soon choose for me. But that was not needed, for I shuddered the thought of becoming a nun. So I consent, and when I set out to join the bridal party, it was with the understanding that I was never never to return to it."

She paused a moment to how to proceed, and Mr. Lecour significantly said:

"I am waiting. Speak the whole truth, I am aware of the lover already."

She blushed deeply, and replied:

"I plighted my pure at the wedding. I had often spoken of my father to Sister Agnes, and the Mother Duverney until now had never ventured to speak of him. Emboldened by the hope of permission to claim my freedom, and be offered him my self to stay my declining years, I did so, but I fortified them, as I always have bullied my secret to them."

"And why did you not marry this lover, and save us both from the ordeal we are about to undergo?"

The young girl changed color at this, but she gravely went on:

"I might have done so, had circumstances been favorable to my wishes. Sister Agnes Duverney objected to a portionless daughter-in-law. My mother-in-law is also wealthy, and I knew that my reliance could be placed on them; and he advised me to go to Louisiana, and endeavor to endeavor to forget my initiation into worldly pleasures, and when I should be free, to refused to give me up, and the father, exasperated at the opposition, left the room, followed by Sister and the Bishop of what was passing. That would have been fatal to my cause, for I knew that for I knew that I should be restored to my convent to be kept more closely than ever, if the decision as to my future fate should arrive.

"I have known from childhood that Victor would probably be, for the Superior had always seemed me that there could be no doubt of your interest in whatever he might become. He was my cousin dependent upon his father; I knew that we could not then be united, and no necessity was open to me but to come to you. Emilia kindly assisted me with money for leaving secretly, and made arrangements with a merchant who was to take me passenger to New York. The Superior Madame Nicot was as kind to me as a mother could have been, and I left the convent secretly one night for New Orleans.

"From there I feared to write, lest you might resent my controversy, and prohibit me from coming to you. I lost no time in making my way to Mendon's mother, and Mrs. Mendon and his mother, and on learning who I was, took me under their charge. I found that they were in the same parish, were near connexions of yours, and were friendly with you, and I resolved to make my last perilous trip they were very kind to me, and if I would have listened to them, they would have taken me home with them; but I thought best to come to your house first.

"And it is well you did," said Mr. Lecour, confidently. "I am sure that you pressed the threshold first, it should never have crossed again. Those people are my deadliest and bitterest enemies, and they had some sinister object in view, or they would not have urged their hospitality upon you. But what became of the crimes lover who pretended to love you, and wished to be a man's master? Separated so far from you, he can scarcely hope for a re-union on this side of eternity. Methinks, he is but a beggar to be cast after all."

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impossible to live beneath the same roof with this unknown relative.

The simplicity of Adrienne had predisposed her mind to sympathetic fears. In addition to this, the young stranger was endowed with a most impressible organization, and a most vivid imaginative power, which almost trenched on clairvoyance.

A chill as of death swept over her, as she followed Mr. Lecour up the winding staircase, and the fear which he rather intended, in this long sought shelter, was her lot; perhaps to become a victim to the wild vagaries of the unscrupulous man who walked before her with rapid steps toward his own sanctum.

Adrienne glanced nervously around the apartment and felt partially reassured by its orderly appearance, for Endy had arranged it, and set the table for two persons while her master was engaged with his guest. A bright smile flashed over her face as she saw the beckons, and she was soon engaged in looking over its contents. History, light literature, and biography, were well represented on its shelves, and with sparkling eyes, she said:

"Miss *père*, there is some sympathy in our tastes, at least, for I find here books I have long desired to read, and they look as if you too have often consulted their pages."

"I do not understand you," she replied, in a petulant tone, for his ungracious expression had chilled her to the heart. "Ah, *mon père* do not look so coldly upon me, I entreat you, that is me you have received a traitor beneath your roof."

"If I thought so, I would immolate you on your own hearth-stone. "There is a skeleton in every home,' says the adage. This one is no exception to the rule, and it is my duty and fateful to you to discover it. You have forced yourself upon me, and I agree to give you shelter, sustenance and clothing, on the condition that you shall be free from—from—ghosts. I do not seek to pry into my affairs, nor reveal to you my life; what may be voluntarily made known to you. Sweet fidelity to me on this point."

He watched up a wooden cross, and held it before her. With excited manner, trembling lips and raised voice, confirmed her fear that he had been insane, and in writing to her father, she uttered the oath demanded of her. He frowned impatiently.

"On your head shall fall the punishment due to the perjurer, if you break your vow."

At that moment Endy entered, bearing the waiter which contained the dinner, and he motioned to Adrienne to place upon the table, on one end of which she had spread a white napkin. With her accustomed grace, the maid of Mr. Lecour seemed to change quite suddenly. He rapidly helped himself to the viands there set before him, and had taken it, and eagerly inspected the viands as he commenced eating.

"Hem! chicken forever; am I never to have my wish? Ah, Endy, same chicken, eh? Potatoes mashed—potatoes in the skin—and potatoes fried. Your potato crop must be abundant this year, Jackdaw, for of late you give us more potatoes than chicken."

"You must 'scuse all spectant shortcomings, master, having only cook, can do duvet in his powers;' an' here dried up de garden my ole mas' left me, for I'se lazy for it. Ah, an' de chickens is ris by myself."

With a profound courtesy, Endy placed a bottle of red wine beside her master's plate, and in the other hand he came to be seated. This politeness was necessary on her part, for Mr. Lecour apparently oblivious of the presence of the servant, ate with a degree of voracity almost serving the chickens.

Adrienne seated herself opposite to him, and he acknowledged her presence by placing the choicest portions of the meal upon her empty plate; the remainder he transferred to his own, and with an apparent gusto that did not betray any disinte to it, in spite of his expressed dislike to the viands, he ate with relish.

He pulled the potatoes contemptuously away from his plate, and with a sneering look, and reddened his repast by enormous slices of bread and butter, and the chicken, and then he drank a bottle of wine, he laughed of the negress—

"Now you will put your young lady, Endy?"

"Dis am for you to say, Monsieur, case *I* done gone. De chicken is dat is left is for de young miss to stay in."

"Ah, so she is!" repeated her master, mockingly. "What is there remarkable about her, pray? Is she a beauty, yellow-haired, and, has a wife of her own, so she has sufficiently proved, and yet is afraid of such insignificant things as ghosts. Why, I have been told that she was a girl of spirit here, Jackdaw?"

"Yes, Monsieur, very well, Monsieur, of you'll let me put her in de lady's tower. Fust is, dat's de room de ole mas' gib me, an' de young miss done gin up to de nuts an' mice, an' dey ruin my room, and den I'll often 'bove dat de haunted nigrines had emptied dwelsives in 'em, of I didn't 'scare 'em."

Adrienne found some comfort in the strong expression of the lady's tower, the fear of Mr. Lecour darkened, and he seemed on the point of bursting forth in a furious tirade, but with a strong effort suddenly controlled himself warningly at him. Her eyes seemed to possess the power to control, and with a violent effort, she muttered:

"Well, well, after all, why should I care? Everything is safe enough there, and the place has no sanctity to me. Let it be so, in God's name."

Turning to Adrienne, he remarked by way of explanation:

"The tower opposite to this was once occupied by Madame Lecour—the super apartment was her bed-chamber, and the lower one her sitting-room. Since you will remain here, you can take possession of them as your own. You may do as you please in them, provided you do not interfere with me. You will often hear me cry out, but you must not mind that; I warn you that it will be dangerous for you to come near me at such times, for I tolerate intrusion from no one."

The young stranger bent her head, and drearily said:

"I will obey you, *mon père*. I hope in time that you will learn to trust me: will give me your confidence, so far as to enable me to be of use to you during your hours of suffering. I believed I might be of some service to you, or I should not have thrust myself unsolicited upon you."

"Child, don't be a fool, and don't try to play the sentimental with me; I have no taste for it. You will find it necessary to obey my commands except to stay with me, or throw yourself upon the charity of strangers, for the Mendons are only connections of yours through us, and I hate—I loathe them. The bare suspicion that you might prefer their home to mine, deary as it is, would cause me to hurl my bitterest malediction upon you. Remember, I am not jesting, for fears do not move me. I have passed that ordeal long ago. Go with Endy, inspect your domains, and make up your mind to live as economically as you can within them. Jackdaw will supply your wants. Look to her and Pierre, and make them get what is necessary for you."

Thus dismissed, Adrienne wiped away the tears which had so irritated him. She ventured to approach him, and putting forth her slender hand, said, in a pleading tone:

"Will you not permit me to become your daily companion? Alone, I am most apt to cry. coming hither

"Child, you never! I am unpermitted to be downcast. Here I am at least have the open to my own actions, and freedom to move in my narrow sphere as I please. Good day, Monsieur, I will remember your request, and endeavor to find each employment as will enable me to preserve an attitude to which I give pleasure to banish me."

"Here are books," he abruptly rejoined. "They are the products of the best minds—you have taken shelter in my house, and I am sure I permit you to come to me."

She thanked him, and turned to leave the apartment. As she passed near the couch, her self-possession forsook her, and she extended out her hand as if to lift the curtain, as she asked:

"May I look upon your work, *mon père*?"

With a furious cry, he sprang forward, dashed the uplifted hand, and stood panting with passion before her, his eyes frightened glare.

"This—this is banned—remember, banned to you till I choose to remove the interdict. Dare to profane eye rests upon my work. Never, as you value the home I have given you, dare to look on my painting I may be engaged on. Now, Mademoiselle Durand, you may go. Now you understand me—go now; I wish to be private; I must be left to myself."

Adrienne felt the touch of Endy's hand upon her arm, and involuntarily she retreated from which she had borne a part, she mechanically turned to leave the room.

When the door closed upon them, the old woman said, in an apologetic manner:

"Yer mus' 'scuse de marster, young miss; he's had a bad spell of trouble in his leg, an' I'll be don't shirn know 'mortly what he's sayin'. You'll soon get used to him tho', and turn love to master dat tortures. It's de only way to get along wi' sich a rumpgooous man."

Adrienne comprehended from here that during the childhood of Adrienne, the sisterhood among whom she had been educated, was a refuge in England from the religious persecutions which took place in the southern parts of France. Several years spent there gave her an accurate knowledge of the English character of her own, and she was thus enabled to understand the peculiarities of those with whom she secretly will.

Mr. Lecour stood looking after the receding form of the young stranger, and a mingled expression of wonder and admiration for self swept over his features. He muttered:

"Wind shorn and sunburned, yet what beautiful—it is fearful—it is fearful. The very step is hers, the tone of the voice the same, yet this girl comes to me as the child of my daughter. It is a foul conspiracy to rob me of my wealth, and to this end shall Adolphe Mendon and his mother be the inheritance as my descendant, when in reality it is the property of another. Could such a hypocritical against me? Let me see—let me reflect. I will not be deceived."

He bowed his head, ransacked the hidden chambers of memory, and a heavy sorrow fell upon his brow. At length he spoke through his clenched teeth:

"If it is so, better had she trusted herself in the arms of a hungry lion, than confided to my mercy. Mendon saw this resemblance, too, and was wished to take her to his mother's home that the latter might be secured. I foiled him there. I will not be foiled. I will watch her, and if my suspicions are correct. Should they prove true, she shall die!"

A cruel, vindictive gleam shot from his eyes, and his clenched fingers seemed to close over an airy weapon, but he spoke no more.

Presently Mr. Lecour seized a pen, and dashed off a few lines, which he Lady Superior.

MADAME:—After all my endless, all my anxiety to give you a home and shelter, I have been forced to send her to crush you, and escape from France. She is the child of my daughter, and I have no doubt that she has a deeply-laid plot against me. I am told that she wills herself Adrienne Durand ready entitled to her own name. Be on your guard, and watch the child I cannot to be interested to your charge!

"I have been inquiry, Madame, and I warn you that it will be dangerous to attempt to carry on a conspiracy against me. I am well aware of your motives, and the part played in your house, and that a strong attachment existed between you and yourself. That attachment will lead you to attempt an imposition which, if detected, may result in results not pleasant to yourself and friends. The bride left shall be permitted to stand between me and the child, for I am very accustomed as to be

I know the murky history of Louisa Montrouil; this is a fearful accusation against her, and I command you—you understand me, Madame, sufficiently for my purpose, and what me I may make of their power remains for you to decide. If you cannot positively assure me beyond a doubt that this is really my daughter's child, I cannot answer for the result. Write to me without a moment's delay, and remove to me the singular mystery which has been thrown around this child. I am sure that the General Madame Lecour, when there is no authority adjust child of hers in existence.

I am confident that you can serve the light on this subject that is necessary to be full comprehension, and I impatiently await your reply.

DUDLEY LECOUR.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE—The young forget quickly, but they feel keenly.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

"THEY ARE FADED NOW"

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The yellow moonlight's silent sea
Flows through the room for me and Nell,
From casement high, and rolls away
While she the pictured walls

A sorcerful atmosphere of dreams
Enspheres my yearning heart, together—
I see—Nell! here—the olden glories
Of eyes and tresses bright.

Oh, royal dames that made us love
Long centuries of long vanished hours,
Your dowry dower of gold and amber,
And nine of vernal showers.

How showers of the amber leaves were,
Or ruined the flower to perfect fruit,
Since them dark eyes were blossoming the sky—
For aye the Spa we e note!

The fitful wind, with restless touch,
Glides round our chair, and lightly stirs
With fingers reverent of the dead
Some ringlets that were mine!

Old letters, with a trace of tears
And kisses on their pages fair—
Wept o'er and kissed those years and years—
And a cut of hair!

Dead violets—once the azure gems
Of eyelids that bloom over me for Nell,
This legend guards their withered atoms—
"They are faded now for me!"

Touched with the flickering moonbeams now,
And now with shadow overflown,
Bright trees, there's dust upon the bow
Where now your beauty shone!

Old letters, that her breast has found
As lightly as the flowers it bore,
Now heavy with the tears we shed
That made us love nothing more!

Fruit violets—not the azure gems
Of eyelids that bloom over me for Nell,
This legend guards their withered atoms—
"They are faded now for me!"

But as the winds whistle beside the lake
And poured its sunny tears in song,
There comes to "The Phantom" of the dead
Through summers bright and long.

Her lattering feet, that is at the door—
Her blushing face and dawn-cast eyes—
Her garments flutter on the floor!
And in a glad surprise

I reach fragrant hands to clasp
Her flowing robe, her floating hair
And gather to my passionate grasp
The—vacant, moonlit air!

Or now, her dusty office hood
In tender or my better heart—
Her virgin cheeks are fatally red,
Her dear lips sparkled—

And in a dream I stoop to press
What kisses on her lips and brow,
I only touch this my frail tress,
All else is faded now!

But not my love, whose holy power
Has strength to lend my wings aright
Through mourning storm, through starless shower,
Beyond the gates of Night.

Beyond the shining crystal bars
Of music-beyond the morsel stone,
In God's vast universe of stars
To sleep her, evermore!

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

A SCRAP OF FRONTIER HISTORY.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

One morning in the summer of 1782, the few settlers who had established themselves in the vicinity of what is now the populous and flourishing city of Wheeling, were thrown into a state of excitement by the discovery of the murder of one of their number, under circumstances that left no doubt of its being the work of Indians.

Between an hour elapsed after the suspicious and mangled corpse of the old man had been found, than every person in the settlement was capable of bearing arms had assembled upon the spot, prepared to follow up the trail in pursuit of the murderers.

The whites numbered less than a dozen, among whom were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. These men were widely known among the early pioneers of that portion of the West, not for their strength, hardihood and bravery, and in the frequent encounters with the red-skins had with their red enemies they had signalized themselves by their feats of personal prowess. But in all these affairs Adam was the acknowledged leader, and such was his experience in Indian strategy that he seldom failed in the pursuit of marauding parties of the savages, making them pay dearly for their outrages.

On this occasion it was ascertained that the murder had been perpetrated by a party of Wyandot Indians, of the head of Big Foot, as he was called by the whites. This Big Foot was a noted chief, who had caused the settlers much trouble; but who to much courage added an equal degree of shrewdness and cunning, and withal was noted as the largest and most powerful man of his tribe—being nearly seven feet in feet in huge proportions. This fiend was directly up the bank of the Ohio. Adam Poe, who had long evinced to assume strength and energy with this noted Indian, was so anxious to overtake the savages that, being a swift runner, he soon distanced his companions, and leaving them far behind, reached the vicinity of the enemy. For some time their tracks had been plain enough to the dog and skilled eye of the pursuer, but when Adam reached the common crossing, he discovered that instead of taking to the other side, the Indians had struck off suddenly to the northward, along a high ridge which where the trail could not be so easily followed.

While Adam was in the examination of the trail, which soon led a pretilled backwoodsman would detect upon the flinty ground, he was overtaken by his neighbors. These he directed to follow upon the ridge, while he should keep along the creek bank in the direction of a clump of willows; in the deep shadows of which he imagined a portion of the savages might be concealed; for he doubted not that to baffle pursuit the band would be forced to ascend the creek bank. Drawing himself noiselessly upon his breast, with his rifle in his hand, Adam reached the edge of the cliff, and under cover of the thick foliage peered cautiously down upon the sandy beach below, where he discerned the canoes drawn up to the shore.

He was about to descend when a low murmuring sound as of persons in conversation reached his ears. He changed his position somewhat, and on again moving aside the leaves and twigs that obstructed his vision, beheld two Indians, one of whom was the gigantic Big Foot; the other one of his warriors, who, of ordinary size, appeared but a half-grown boy by the side of his stalwart chief.

Now was come the moment Adam Poe had so often longed for—to draw his rifle upon the huge Wyandot, and after wounding him, to come to a hand-to-hand tussle with the strong and active savage. His object was first to engage him with a well-aimed shot, which should not disable him, and by the confusion of the moment to leap upon him with his knife, and test the strength of the renowned warrior. This was the first intention of Adam. But upon a moment's reflection he determined to kill Big Foot's companion, and then leap upon the chief.

With his last resolution, the white man aimed at the heart of the warrior. He could scarcely miss killing his mark, as the two Indians were lying on the sand, apparently in the act of a parley of his rifle. Cocking it so cautiously that the sound of the spring would be lost by the two, Adam pressed the trigger. To his great mortification, and for the first time in his life, the gun missed fire and flashed in the pan! Both the sound of the falling hammer, and the repelling smoke that followed, were detected by the Indians, who instantly sprang up to their feet with a startled exclamation, and for a second or two the three men gazed in astonishment at each other's eyes.

To retreat now was out of the question, for even if Adam had any such thought, the tough nature of the bluff would have prevented it, and with a yell, intended as much for the ears of his friends as to intimidate the Indians, he leaped over the edge of the cliff upon them, knife in hand. He struck upon the shoulders of Big Foot with such force as to cause the huge form of the savage to the ground, and at the same moment threw his left arm, with a powerful hug, about the neck of the other Indian. But in the same instant the latter sprang into the fellow's breast, Big Foot, with a sudden motion, leaped aside, and striking Poe's right arm with his tomhawk, knocked the knife from his grasp. The white man from his hold upon the water, and sank out of sight, and Adam Poe found himself engaged in two fierce struggles with no other defence than his fists and the strong muscles and sinews of his powerful arms.

Scarcely had the struggle thus commenced beneath the cliff, when the Indians on the shore informed Adam that his friends and the other party of Indians were approaching in the distance above. But the three were now too much engaged in their own desperate affair to pay much attention to anything else.

No sooner had Adam lost his knife, than releasing the smaller Indian, and with a well-handed blow, knocking him into the river, he threw himself upon Big Foot, and planted a blow with his right hand into his stomach, with such force that it sent him staggering against the cliff. But instantly recovering himself, the Wyandot sprang upon Adam, wrapping his long and tendonous arms about him, pressed his breast with the force of a grizzly bear.

"Never before in my life," said Poe, when afterwards relating the adventure, "did I receive so warm an embrace. My ribs groaned, and it seemed as if every rib in my body was crushed to pulp!"

While retaining the white man thus in his powerful grasp, the savage gathered himself from the water, and at the instigation of Big Foot, now approached with uplifted tomahawk to strike at the head of Adam, who, in vain struggling to free himself from that desperate embrace, felt his senses leave him entirely, as he was about to strike, and raising his leg, struck his arch blow upon the Indian's temple.

At this moment Big Foot caught at the throat of the white man with such a tearing grip, that the latter had all he wanted to do to clutch at his enemy, hand and foot, and thus they lay, side by side, locked in his fallen. But in the struggle, while Adam became sick to the last malfunction, their faces came in contact. A reddish thought entered the brain of the white man, seeing upon it, he caught the huge nasal projection of the Indian between his teeth, and with a death-like effort bit that expressive feature from the face of his antagonist.

Yelling with agony, Big Foot let go his hold, and, springing to his feet, snatched up his gun in a little distance, and levelled it at Adam; but the latter, who had been watching his every motions, leaped upon the barrel, and threw it aside, at the instant the weapon was fired. Both bents, fortunately for the white man, entered the heart of the other Indian, who was again approaching him with an uplifted knife. With a low staggered backward into the river, and sank to rise no more.

Big Foot, covered with blood, and exasperated to madness by pain and the ugly wound he had made upon his face, now sprang back a little distance, and with a fierce gesture of defiance, exerting all his force, brought it down with a crushing blow upon the white man's uncovered head. Adam, springing aside, received it upon the side of his arm, which was broken by the stroke, a deep and ragged wound; and then, before the Indian could gather himself for another blow, he wrenched it from his hands, and threw it far out into the river.

The Indian, whose quick eye watched for every advantage, now closed with Poe, and wrapping him by the collar with one hand, grasped him by the left arm, and with such fearful strength, lifted him in the air, as if he were an infant, and with powerful energy, dashed him headlong into the rapid current of the river.

Stung to fury at being thus easily handled by the huge savage, Adam soon recovered from his unexpected immersion, and reaching the shore, where the Indian was standing, the two closed in a desperate struggle. It now became a fierce fight, and during the progress of which the two combatants dealt upon each other blow after blow, and being both men of extraordinary muscle, they struck each other with the force of battering rams.

But the superior strength of the Indian was not equal to his activity, and the agile skill of the white man, who was beating his multitudes countenance into a mass of bruises. At length, drawing towards the edge of the water, the Indian of the former was in the act of plunging into the river. But Adam was here a match for him, and permitting Big Foot to approach the stream, he suddenly and unlooked for, sprang upon the rough back, forced his head beneath the surface, while he continued to pelt his stomach and face with a storm of terrible blows.

At length the wily Indian threw out his long arms, and pretending to have succumbed, ceased his motions, and appeared like one dead. At this moment, supposing the struggle was over, Adam Poe released his hold upon his adversary, and attempted again to get at the knife of the chief, who, singularly enough, had not had time to use it himself, for the struggle had occupied less time than it takes to describe it. But before his hand had touched the hilt of the weapon, the Indian turned upon him like a tiger, all the fresher for his immersion, and in turn grasping the hair of the white man, now forced his head beneath the water.

In the tussle that followed they were both carried beyond their depth, and in the swift current of the Ohio, and each was compelled to quit his hold and strike out again for the shore.

While thus swimming, their eyes fell simultaneously upon the loaded rifle of the dead Indian, which floated near them, and they exerted themselves to reach it. But the Indian, being nearest to the bench, and the most expert swimmer, soon possessed it, and then turned to bear upon his adversary. Seeing this, Adam turned and attempted to avoid the shot, by striking out to the middle of the river. But he was not destined to escape so easily. Big Foot fired, and wounded him in the shoulder; and then, throwing his knife, leaped out in pursuit of him.

Disabled as Adam now was, the Indian gained rapidly upon him. But attracted to the edge of the bank by the report of the rifle, Andrew Poe and his comrades, who had been engaged with the Indian marauders near by, now beheld the two men in the river, and supposing they were both Indians, commenced firing upon them. But Andrew brought his rifle to bear upon the foremost one and fired. The ball struck the already stunned shoulder arm of Adam, and glancing from the shock, turned his face, so that his brother recognized him. As soon as this discovery was made, Andrew leaped into the water with the Indian savage, and came to the rescue of his struggling brother. But no sooner did the Wyandot discover him, than he endeavored to him to let him alone for the present, but to turn his whole attention to the means of escape to escape down the river, occasionally diving beneath the surface, and thus by this means to elude the shots of his enemies by swimming in the direction.

Unfortunately Andrew's gun was empty, and as the Indian was a long way off, he avoided the ball, and struck off in pursuit of Adam, who, seeing that the savage had turned his face, so that his brother could not fire upon him, had also discovered his danger, and was making for the shore. But no sooner did he see the Indian coming, than he dived down for the purpose of making further attempts against the settlements, and succeeded in the object by their gigantic chief, that they were glad to enter into a friendly treaty with the white men, and ever after remained their firm friends and allies.

ADELAIDE AND HER LOVERS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Six years had passed away since "the rich orphan," Adelaide Maurice, left Holly cottage to enter the seminary of Madame Lamartine, the chrysalis of school-life, and entered the gayest, most fashionable, most dissipated city of beauty. Very brilliant had been the young girl's career. Beautiful, graceful, and accomplished to the best society, had perfected the work begun by her educators. Left by the loss of parents of her childhood, she was now an accomplished and lovely young woman, for whom changed dwelt the noblest traits.

Letters from the Holly cottage, now her own property, for Miss Maurice, her aunt, was dead, and Miss Lawson, her governess, remained there, were frequent, and Adelaide seldom failed to escape from the irksome restraints of her position. Though cousin Arthur Grey, the friend of Arthur or Annie Grey, her old schoolmates, had left Holly cottage, and were now in the gayest of gaieties during her stay. She declared that here alone lived true friendship, and here alone she visited. She felt for them, as she said, a calm and, surprising to her, tender affection, and was invited on them her abundant wealth had not the power to purchase. Besides, Annie was not the mother of Arthur supported how much she loved her husband, Adelaide knew that a beautiful girl so far above him in all worldly things, must have also addressed him, whom she loved her, could ever be.

Of all the latter her former lovers whom no scruples kept silent. She had refused many offers, and prevented by the calm indifference of her manner, from receiving the hand of her guardian, Alfred Hale, had won the prize. She was his wife, and Adelaide knew her happy pure and trusting.

Of the second lover—in the way—the way of a proud, arrogant, exacting man, vain of having conquered the heart of a girl who had been taught to the advantages of such a marriage, Adelaide Dallas could neither think nor speak. Her pride as she was, she was not without spirit, and entered into the contest with determination to the extent that even she could not fail to meet. Of the third lover, Rose Percy, an orphan of fortune, "the course of true love" did not run smooth.

It was a pleasing thing to one of Alfred Hale's friends, to see the attentions which were so courted as Adelaide, and he had the mournful pleasure of knowing that they were received with every fresh evidence of the yielding spirit of his nature. Of the many offers of his employments, her unmeasurable, her charities, and even her fault with her dress and equipage. To all this he could only respond by a smile, and with a loving woman yields even to unwarrantable exactions, until it is roused so far as to create measure of character, and then, if she is cherishing, she ceases to respect, and love withers and dies, sometimes by a gradual decay, sometimes suddenly by a violent shock, and sometimes her own heart like an earthquake, and leaves her desolate and alone.

Somewhat in this last fashion did Adelaide's love for Rose Dallas receive its death-blow. We have not space to relate all that gradually weakened the love that still clung, though unacknowledged, to the object of her early love, and rent it loose. But the day came—the day before that which was to make Adelaide free and entirely mistress of herself and her fortune—her twenty-first birthday—when the arrogant lover, too secure of his prize, so almost against justice, against love and her, that the tie was broken. He sneered at Arthur, he insulted Annie, and then rather ordered than requested that these beloved friends of her youth should be given up. At once she saw him as he was, at once all esteem was lost, and love died. No prayers nor entreaties, no promised concessions, no passionate protestations, could galvanize into even the semblance of life the corpse of what had once been a beautiful and pure affection. Forever separated in heart, the lives of these two that might have been so blessed and flowed on together toward eternity, must henceforth lie far apart. Alfred left Holly cottage on the next morning when the joy-bells chimed the majority of the heiress, and the great fortune that her hand was to have bestowed upon him, passed into her unrestricted possession. Love was dead, and Adelaide was free.

Years have flown by, and Adelaide Dallas is when a man resolves to do and dare all possibilities for the sake of the woman he loves, there is a constant doubt, a lurking hope in his heart that he may yet win her. And this hope, though all unconsciously, animated Arthur Grey. He did not believe that she any longer cherished a thought for Alfred Hale, indeed there was an open rupture between her and the family of her guardian, (caused by the sudden decision she had made,) and one not likely to be healed; but she was young, rich and beautiful, without doubt she would again and again be sought in marriage, and long ere his purpose was accomplished and fame achieved, she would have made her election among her numerous suitors. That, at least, seemed probable, and Arthur was not disposed nothing else.

So passed another lustrum. Adelaide at twenty-six still remained unmarried. She occupied the same Holly-house during the winter months, in the summer she visited Holly cottage, and there, at the home of her childhood, she also resorts. For a year or two Annie Grey had been a frequent companion, but she came as it is but mine. But Annie had married, and gone, with her husband, to a distant home. Adelaide lived alone, save that she yearly coaxed long visits from Rose Percy.

She was still the centre, the sun of a great social circle, but she expelled as well as attracted. She was brilliant, but she was cold. In a land where intellect is the man with the freedom of an equal, but she slunk from the gaze of admiration, from the whisper of love. Kindly to all, but passionless, she stood brightly and beautifully alone. Her wealth increased. As one by one she calmly dismissed her adorers, many that she had even begun to esteem and love, she found herself more and more alone.

Arthur heard this, but it scarcely added an incentive to his toil. Fame had already begun to smile upon her favors. He was spoken of as a successful man, and as a successful man he felt the world's favorite, new opportunities for effort and triumph were constantly thrust upon him. But while the perseverance which had always the same single kindness that had been his in his boyhood, he could not, would not fail to observe that, as circumstances brought him more and nearer to the object of his ambition, as almost impercipible, an intangible reserve reared itself with a chilling breath between them. She welcomed him to her house as a friend, but not as a lover. Tenderness and great patience, but the quiet home circle no more expanded to receive him. If by chance she met him alone, she greeted him with the old kindness which he plans and achievements; in public she spoke her congratulations with a warmth which, to one with which she would address the acquaintance of a day. But never more than this, save in a paradox, for the course he approached the lady of his devotion, the wider was the distance between them.

Years had passed and he sang, and to acknowledge his hope when Fame cast at his feet rich gems, but he felt were not all unworthy of her sharing. But now he was in despair. Often and often, in the secret of a chamber, and following the harvest of success he had prepared for the hour when he should proffer himself, a peace in a life of wandering and adventure. But now, in another's name and arms, but he felt, a paradox, for the course he approached the lady of his devotion, the wider was the distance between them.

Rose Percy had ceased to hope

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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DIFFICULTY OF INVADING A COUNTRY

There is one thing our croakers ought to remember—it is ten times easier to defend a country than to subdue it.

When this nation had but three millions of people, and no soldiers nor generals to marshal, it defended itself against the most powerful nation then existing. At the most trying hour, when Cornwallis, a weak, thinly-settled province, containing a mere handful of troops, gave up two of our best generals, Montgomery and Arnold, and two gallant little armies, on their backs, to us, our failure was complete.

On the second of December, 1814, when Gen. Jackson reached New Orleans to defend it against the most formidable British force that ever sailed American waters, the city was utterly defenseless. Two hundred men could not have taken it. Three weeks and one day later, the advancing British army was attacked and badly defeated, and sixteen days after, on January 8th, 1815, it was not to please and to dread to give up the attempt. Why? Partly because Gen. Jackson and his men were brave and resolute, but principally because it is ten times easier to defend a country than to subdue it.

Napoleon never tried so hard to do anything he so did to invade England; but in the plentitude of his power, and with the many months of preparation, he could not land one armed man under the chalky cliffs of Albion.

As an invading force is generally fighting in the dark, i. e., in ignorance of localities and of the amount of the enemy's force, it is peculiarly liable to accident and panic. Two regiments of sufficient sometimes to frustrate the best laid plan. It was the accidental discharge of a single gun that prevented Montgomery from taking Quebec in 1775. It was a premature attack a few hours that caused the British defeat at New Orleans. It was a storm that lost Napoleon the only chance of getting over the channel. It was the cackling of geese that talked the Israelites of Rome.

Invasion, always difficult, was never so difficult as it is now, when the poorest nation can put a rifled cannon on every hillock.

Nevertheless, difficult as it is, it is not impossible to brave men. No more brave enough few things are impossible. But of one thing we may rest assured—a country cannot be successfully invaded by throwing a few hundred or a few thousand men across the boundary line or boundary river, and there leaving them to do what the enemy are going to do about it. No; an invading army must be prepared to advance and sicken, and give the foe no time for reflection. Then, if the people of the Potomac has been aroused, there is no safety but to charge upon the enemy, and charge again, until the invaders are victorious or dead.

In war, as in peace, Col. David Crockett's maxim holds good: Be sure you are right, then go ahead. Gen. Jackson's motto is the same—not both in war and peace: "Take all the time to think that circumstances permit, but when the time for action has come, stop thinking."

THANKSGIVING.

The return of the season when we are wont to make public profession of our gratitude to Heaven for the bounty and protection of the past, as less joyous of mood than in those halcyon days when the whole people, with one heart and in one spirit, give thanks to the Father of us all. We shall gather as adversaries in the ranks of worship; the household feast will be set, as usual, for a dwelling's, but of the wonted peers and guests of a year ago, thousands will be missed, and in many a family circle vacant places, never more to be filled by their former occupants, will be regarded with tears by the fireside's old ashes at home."

War has beckoned to the field the flower of our young men. Good sons, crowds of them, have joined the army, but will not be home Thanksgiving. It will be kept, we doubt not, in all our camps, and it would add gravity to the solemnity and solidarity of the occasion, if the voice of praise and supplication could be lifted up by the whole army on the same day.

In the midst of our difficulties we have infinite cause for thankfulness. We might have had famine, or pestilence, or both superadded to the visitation of war. From these we have been mercifully exempted. Never has a healthier year been known than the one now closing to, and never has the God of Harvests poured plenty upon us with so affluent a hand. Let us then be grateful and hopeful. Somewhere behind the war-cloud hides the angel of Peace. Some-perhaps, then we wot of, the cloud may dissolve, and her radiant form appear.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

"The best materials for authentic history are to be found in the daily papers," said a contemporaneous editor not long ago. It may be so, but we don't see it. It seems to us that the man who can eliminate truth from the mass of conventionalities with which they confound and distract the public mind at this juncture, is equal to the task of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or squaring the circle, or converting a certain eminent core into silken purses. Tell your historian and let him try it on. Furnish him with full files of the New York dailies from April to November of the present year, and bid him compile from them an authentic history of the war during that period. Imagine him engaged in the interesting labor, with a wet towel round his head to preserve his sanity, and the hopelessness of Sisyphus's Captive Ingenited on every feature. Miserable wretch! how he would envy Herodotus, and Livius, and the Titan under Mount Vesuvius, and Solons on the treadmill. How the Father of Fibs would chuckle over his perplexities. Wouldn't his complications, when dissolved—if it ever were finished—be a beautiful specimen of "philosophy touching by examples?" Fancy archæologists in the distant future trying to get the hang of it. Authentic history from the daily newspapers, forsooth! when scores of telegraphic batteries are firing broadsides of falsehood in their behalf day and night! We have ever anything more treacherous? Some dogmatists insist that whatever is, is, and by many reasons, as a general principle, that whatever is, (in the telegram transmitted to the press,) is not.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S PROPHECY.

How prophetic were those words of Mr. Webster, uttered in the memorable year, the Seventh of March, 1850:

"Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dissolution of this Union is inconsistent with the object of the beating up of the banners of the great days without a battle fought. Where is the line to be drawn? Who shall draw it? Can it be drawn on paper or on map? Where is the money to be found for the war? Where is the army to be raised? Who shall command it? Where are the men to be enlisted? What will become of the fortifications on the seacoast? Will not the great cities be taken? Will not the Navy follow them? Will not the forts on the Mississippi be turned against the people within the valley? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I shame to have an intelligent man's ear to it. I shame to hear of natural blasts and maidens, war, pestilence, and famine, as the inevitable consequences of secession. I am not to break up this great government! to dismember it! this great country! to shatter it to pieces! to satisfy, such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government! No, sir! No, sir!"

OUR NERVE AND ENTERPRISE.

The most striking practical people of this country move with a firm step and a straight back. Boom under the government has been stopped by the war. There is no shadow on their brow, no hesitation in their step, no weakness in their eye, no indication that their energies are not fully equal to their vast responsibilities. The consummation of a continuous line of telegraphic communication, and which connects the Pacific coast has just brought San Francisco within two hours of New York, and our capitalists are now preparing to establish a line of mail steamers to China and Japan, which will bring the Celestial Empire within a week of Boston, and eight days of Chicago and Dublin, and enable us to transmit intelligence from those cities to England and the French Empire in the same manner as by the Red Sea route. From the commercial advantages which this line of communication will confer from these great undertakings the South is self-debarred. For from our Southern coast no steamer finds its consequences in the suggestion of her trade and our capitalists will not invest. Not as yet she has only tasted of the bitter cup which, in the form of reconstruction governments, dregs remain behind. We hope she will ere long return to reason.

WINTER CHARITIES.

Food, shelter and fuel are cheaper now than they were last year at this time, and there is no reason why that they will become dearer as the cold season advances. This is a happy circumstance for families of small means, and for those who have nothing, it is of little consequence whether provisions are cheap or dear to them. The number of the utterly destitute in this city, who must be supported by public or private charity during the winter, or starve, is fearfully large. The cry of the hungry and naked at our doors no less rives, and flows as freely. It will not bide its prevented complaint, and it is hoped be stinted to food necessity. But let gives be made from the heart, and not from ostentation. Whining importers abound in our streets. Investigate, discriminate, and be careful over it. Every ignorance misapplied is a wrong to the deserving poor.

OUR CHAMP DE MARS.

It is to be regretted that the site for recruiting officers who still linger about the City Hall Park will soon secure their tents and quit their present quarters. Their mildewed tabernacles are not the ornament they were. Nevertheless, as a spectator a very exalted idea of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Raw recruits occasionally inquire: "Are those the sentry concerns we shall have to stop under in the drilling?" or as the slightly augmented describe, with the officers, of the comforts and miseries of camp life, and express a wish for the chilling impression created by the tenements in question. In fact they are a source of interest everybody, and if a stout November gale should take them in its wings of canvas and waft the house tops into the bay, nobody would complain of their summary removal.

LITTLE LISTENERS.

If we stopped to think how much we say before us in the presence of a little child, affects its future, how careful we would be of the words we utter, silence in our speech. It is astonishing how, for days, children will ponder over a careless word or sentence which no one supposed they had even heard, and at some critical moment use it themselves, with a most startling and horrifying effect. How an impatient, petulant word shocks us coming second-hand from those innocent lips! Then, alas! we see and deplore its real deformity, and realize how potent is our influence over these observant innocents, not only at all times, but at every moment of time in which they are in our presence.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ECKMUHL

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

On the 3d of January, 1809, the emperor Napoleon was at Astorga, in Spain. At the head of 50,000 troops he had marched two hundred miles in ten days, and was driving Sir John Moore with his British troops pell-mell out of the country. He was in hot pursuit. Amid wind and sleet, and the ground was white with the melting snow, Napoleon, bearing all the fatigue of his troops, was toiling through the night. He had just left Astorga, and there soon reached him with dispatches from France. There was no leisure for him. A fire was consuming him by the roadside, and the emperor read the dispatches, while the snow flakes falling thickly upon him.

The dispatches informed him that Austria, taking advantage of his engagements with the French army in Spain, had entered into a new coalition with England to attack him in the rear. He had also been informed that Napoleon would not consent to the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian empire, was also preparing to join the coalition. The gloomy prospect of another great, bloody war for a moment appalled the mind of the emperor. But, with his usual promptness, he decided upon his course, and, in the midst of the storm, by the roadside, and the emperor read the dispatches, while the snow flakes falling thickly upon him.

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Napoleon, conscious of the immense force he could bring into the field, said to himself: "There must be some plans in preparation which I do not know. Austria must be making in declaring war against me. They fancy me in Spain, and think I am not able to return. I will turn out. It will be laid to my charge that I cannot remain quiet; that I am ambitious. But they compel me to arms."

In preparation for the tremendous strife, all the forces of the empire were immediately brought into requisition. Napoleon exhausted his energies in dictating, night and day, letters and writing letters to generals, ambassadors, engineers, kings and governors. Every mail was soon moving in all directions, apparently in inextricable confusion. But the whole machinery of the empire was tuned to its utmost capacity. Napoleon said, "I am in the centre of my correspondence, I receive Austria, and thus prevent the conflict. My enemies are divided. Austria commences," says Thiers, "prove that Napoleon took as much pains to prepare for war as to prevent it."

But Austria had gone too far to retract. Emperor Francis said to his ministers, "Money and diplomacy to urge on the war, and succeeded in leading the Diet, and even the Tyrol, to espouse it." The landed force of Napoleon now felt strong. The Austrian army was in the field, and Napoleon wished to place his son, a young man lacking nerve, in war, but of thorough military education, in command of the Austrian army.

"Your army," Napoleon replied, "must fight its battles in the country. There will be no time to come to my head-quarters. He will be respected there only. There you command in chief, and will learn our trade."

Napoleon, as he left Vienna to command of the 70,000 troops furnished by the king of Wurtemberg, said to Marshal Ney, "General Count Wrede's duties, but he is a true soldier. I have no difficulty with him. Be on your guard."

The river Inn forms the eastern boundary of Bavaria. The Austrian troops were concentrated in immense numbers, on the banks of that river. Napoleon, on the 17th of April, arrived at Munich. Many noble Austrians were opposed to this profound attack. Prince Schwarzenberg, then ambassador at Paris, wrote to the emperor.

"Avoid a war, for which no provocation is given, and which will be the ruin of your house. Napoleon will conquer, and will then have the right to dictate terms."

"Nonsense," said the emperor Francis, as he read this remonstrance, "I am prepared for anything now. His troops are all in Spain. But in the space of a few days, Napoleon had made himself at the head of his troops, Count Wallis says, "Napoleon, in his proclamation, spoke as Alexander. He will experience the same fate."

The Austrian army of 200,000 men was strong, crossed the Inn on the 16th of April, 1809. Three hundred thousand combatants were soon in the field. At one o'clock at night Napoleon received the telegraphic announcement that a rebel in the army.

"Very well! Behold us once more at Vienna. Since they desire it, we will go there and finish their boat's couture."

It was a labyrinth of air hundred miles from Paris to the Inn. At midnight Napoleon took his carriage with Berthier, for Strasburg. He travelled by day and night until he reached Strasburg. He there became aware that Austria had crossed the Rhine, and met at Dillingen, the line of Bavaria, who had fled precipitately to Munich, his capital.

"I'll drive them out," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders and restore you to your capital."

The whole French Army was instantly in motion. Napoleon crossed into the enemy's country, and he was every where victorious. In three days he pushed forward his headquarters to

The Austrian army, in killed, wounded and captives, 20,000 men. In these movements he had concentrated his forces on the left bank of the Danube. The Austrian Archduke Charles had entrenched there on the right bank. Napoleon, on the night of the 19th of April. Napoleon slept in the house which was the head-quarters. He rose the down of the morning marshalled his troops for the battle of Eckmuhl. On the 22d of April day rose cloudless, and soon dispelled the mists which hung over the fields.

A scene of surpassing loveliness was then spread to the eye. Verdant meadows, waving streams, gardens, villages and rural mansions encircled the plain. The sun rose in splendor in a tumultuary beauty. The white tents of the Austrian principality, spotted the plain. The vision of polished armor flashed through the clear air. The bugle blast filled the air, as warriors waved, and horses neighed, and trumpets sounded. Napoleon, surrounded by a brilliant staff of industry and artillery took their positions upon the hills and the conflict began.

The first fire which was fired was the signal for a general, simultaneous discharge of musketry and artillery, by a cannon of 100 pieces soldiers were heard on this globe. For five hours the deafening roar continued, and the battle remained in the storm of mutilation and death swept the plain.

The evening twilight was now approaching, and the enemy began to waver. Napoleon had bid the Imperial Guard, though eluding, in reserve for this decisive hour. This invincible squadron, ten thousand strong, crossed in columns and headquarters of glittering steel, and mounted on horses of great power, swept down a gentle declivity upon the plain with a tramp which shook the hills. The peal of bugles was heard, and from the brow of an opposing eminence the Austrian cavalry reserve, in equal numbers appeared, and also came rushing down upon the crowded and blood-stained arenas. It was manifest to every observer that the issue of the day was now to be decided. The wearied combatants of both armies instinctively rested upon their guns to watch the sublime and terrible spectacle.

On both sides the horses were spurred to their utmost speed. The concussion was fearful. Hundreds of horses and riders were plunged to the dust, and trampled beneath the onward rushing host. It was now a hand-to-hand fight, sabre clashing against sabre. The sun went down. The stars came out. And still the tumultuous conflict raged to and fro. The flashing of their swords, as steel struck steel, both parties apparently determined to conquer or die. But the mortal strength could long endure such exhausting effort. Gradually the clangor of the battle grew fainter; and at length the Austrians, having lost two-thirds of their number, wavered, recoiled, and fled. *This Empereur* burst from the lips of the French Guard, and invigorated by victory, they goaded their horses in the pursuit, and the fugitives were cut down and trampled into the unsanguined plain.

Never was there a commander who knew so well as Napoleon how to profit by a victory. Though it was a moonless night, the whole French army was under arms. Before dawn, the thunders of the battle again echoed over hill and valley. With fearful slaughter the Austrians were driven from the field, and plunged in confusion, tumult and pain, from which there was no fear that they would recover during the night. Napoleon then ordered his exhausted troops to halt, refresh themselves with food, and take a comfortable night's repose.

Before the dawn of the morning Napoleon was in the saddle, leading his army again in pursuit of the foe, everywhere cutting them down, and driving them in confusion from the siege trains. Six thousand Austrians were left dead upon the plain of Eckmuhl. Twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards and an immense quantity of the munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victor. The terrified Austrians fled in wildest rout, across the Danube and out of Bavaria, into the mountains of Bohemia and Moravia. Thus in a campaign of five days it was accomplished by those 80,000 Austrians were either killed, wounded or captured; 3,000 baggage wagons, 100 pieces of cannon, and one hundred pieces of artillery; forty standards; 100 flags, baggage and other material of war in an incalculable amount. "In four weeks," said Napoleon in his bulletin, "I have been in Vienna." Europe was amazed at such a campaign.

GOSSIPVILLE.

There are many Gossipvilles scattered about the country. Troy, Rome and Albion are solemnly thick on the ground, but one can scarcely go fifty miles in any direction without plumping into a Gossipville. From some cause or other the name has been omitted in the Gazetteers, and untravelled persons may possibly imagine that Gossipville is a mere fiction—that the place referred to belong only to the Fairyland of prose. The suggestion is drawn to the bosoms of inductive philosophers. Practical men are well aware that every county, to say its least, has its Gossipville. The specimen of the genus we have in our mind's eye at present, is in consequence of the fact that we merely describe the peculiarities of the inhabitants, a busy community that the cap fits is respectfully invited to put it on.

Every Gossipville individual who acquired a fortune by minding his own business would be out of his element in Gossipville. There the inhabitants unquestionably neglect their own affairs, to attend wholly to the affairs of those of their neighbors. The womenkind are so wonderful that they will leave the most pressing household work unfinished, to canvass concerning the commissioner of the second, the savings and doings of their dearest friends. Rumor is very potent in Gossipville. In fact she is the supreme deity of the place, "whom all in public and in private worship." Exaggerations are considered there as one of the fine arts, and the legend of the three black crows would be received as gospel truth, and a matter of conviction, by the Gossipvillonians.

Gossipville, if we have ever been among them, we need not tell you what a drop, not to say enthusiastic interest they take in the movements of the stranger within the gates; how they watch his comings and outgoings, how they examine and cross-question his host in relation to his antecedents, his means, his motives for visiting Gossipville. We have been there ourself, we accustomed on entering their territory, to feel a sensation of unusual inanity. On it were inscribed his name and age, manner of life, the object of his visit, and each other information of a personal nature as might happen to be known to the inhabitants of Gossipville. This is a fact, and we have not heretofore commented upon it to tell who may have occasion to sojourn there. We now do so, and we hope that it may do them good.

BUOYANT PEOPLE.

There are certain persons whom to meet, is to be instantly conscious of a fine appetite and on a delicious June day. The first breath is an inspiration of health and delight, a draught of new life. You throw back your locks from your heated forehead, and your weary eyes, and your lungs drink in the air, and the whole man's minister to you. All your cares, and fret, one by one, steal away, and a new life and hope has come imbued into every nerve and muscle. You are not the same creature that you were ten minutes before. You are really alive all to be valiant battle with life, though you had supposed yourself overcome by the heavy-drawn poetry and harassing tyrant necessities. Exhaustion and overwrought mind seem wholly to be hopefulness and courage; and they whose across have been subdued and worn by past trouble, welcome the breezy, fresh influence of such, like a refreshing dew upon withered grass. It is a boon, the blessing of which the unconscious give and the unthankful receive. Perhaps, when the brow clears, the eyes brighten, and life seems—as it does—a very sprightly thought. We have a blessing God bestowed it.

FATHER FEEN.

"PLEBEIAN BLOOD."

One Col. Harris, Editor of "The Ohio Field Notes," in a lesson to ladies on the management of their horses, says: "A lady question must never appear in a livery; it is unbecoming and ungented, and shows *plebeian blood*; and many instances are on record, showing that a horse knows a lady or gentleman at sight."

Does a horse know a snob? If so, and the animal has no more respect for one than we have, the editor of "Field Notes" could scarcely enter a stable without being greeted with a *how long*.

THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN STANN.

BY ——N O. SAXE.

I cannot vouch my tale is true,
Nor swear, indeed, 'tis wholly new;
But true or false, or new or old,
I think you'll find it fairly told.

A Frenchman, who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a foreign shore,
Weary of home, resolved to go
And see what Holland had to show.
He didn't know a word of Dutch,
But that could hardly give him much;
He thought—as Frenchmen always do—
That all the world could "parlez-vous."

At length our eager tourist stands
Within the famous Nederlands,
And, strolling gaily here and there
In search of something rich or rare,
A lordly mansion greets his eyes;
"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,
And, bowing to the man who sate
In livery at the garden gate,
"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,
Whose very-charming grounds are these?
And—garden-me—be pleased to tell
Who in this splendid house may dwell?"
To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man
Replied what sounded like "Nick Van Stann."
"Thanks!" said the Gaul, "the owner's taste
Is equally good as his estate.
So fine a house, upon my word,
Not even Paris can afford.
With statues, too, in every niche,
Of course, *Monsieur Van Stann* is rich,
And, lives, I warrant, like a king—
Ah! would must be a charming thing!"
In Amsterdam, the streets are wide,
A thousand wonders in the streets,
But most he marvels to behold
A lady dressed in silk and gold.
Dashing with empress in the dump,
He begs to know the lady's name,
And learns—to raise his wonder more—
The very words he heard before:
"*Mevrow* Nick Van Stann!" on my life,
Milord has got a charming wife;
My plain to see, Nick Van Stann
Must be a very happy man!"

Next day, our tourist chanced to pop
His head within a lottery-shop,
And there he saw, with staring eyes,
The drawing of a Number Prize:
"Ten Millions!—'Tis a pretty sum;
I wish I had as much at home!
I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,
What lucky fellow's got the winner!
Conceive our traveller's amaze
To hear again the destroyed phrase!
"What! No?—not *Nick Van Stann* again?
I can't be! No! I won't be!
You may be sure we don't advance
So rapidly as that in France,
A house, the finest in the land;
A lovely garden, rich in statues;
A perfect angel of a wife;
And gold enough to make it less—
There never yet was mortal man
So blest as *Monsieur Nick Van Stann*!"

Next day the Frenchman left the town
A pompous funeral in the street,
What lucky fellow's corpse is dead?
Which unbeliever had pleased to die?
Was stunned to hear the old reply!
The Frenchman sighed and shook his head,
"*Van Stann* again! Ah, me! Ah, me!
With such a house, and such a wife,
It must be hard to part with life."
And then, to those around Prins-Ric-hwine,
His wine, and—pop!—the winner dies!
"I well—his fortune's come—to be,
I greatly feared they couldn't last;
Alas, then, we, the crowd of Van Cuss
Can down like the small and great!"

**For sentence—I don't remember.*

THE TONGUE AS A BUSINESS AGENT.

The head plans, the hand executes, the tongue *recommends*. Of the three, the tongue takes, mechanical dexterity, and extraordinary conversational powers are not united in the same individual, the planning head and the executive hand must be employed. In the age of competition, a plausible and persuasive tongue to turn the scale in favor of one's own wares.

The man who has the faculty of *talking people into it* has a fortune within his grasp. Immense income in this country. As the girl in the fable turned everything she touched to gold, many of the workable "labor-saving machinery" that has been and is being constructed "millionaires" to negotiate between client genius and open-eared capitalist. It is the merchant gift, the talent of persuasion. It begets thousands of sober, solemn men into super-speculators. We have seen persons of oyster-like temperament overcome and succeed in spite of their natural gifts, by the force of their tongue, but its sinews and misapplication. Conversation is the art of talking to please, and not to provoke value. "Almost," said Agrippa to the king, "almost persuadest me to be a Christian." Almost then *persuaded* me to be a Christian."

The tongue is the instrument of utterance in the inspiration of soulful self-interest, beware! Survey your tongue and its faculties as many of them of more than average intellect and acquirements—are literally talked out of all their capital. Conversation and conversation into poorhouses and lunatic asylums and premature graves. As a rule, talkers are unsuccessful in life. Silence proves to be allured by plausible statements into investments which are doubtful yet in which previous experience does not qualify them to judge, make utter shipwreck of their fortunes.

WANT OF GRATITUDE IN CHILDREN.

It is to be feared that there are parents that one that children and very young people are utterly incapable of gratitude to their parents. They may, and generally do, love them sincerely and devotedly, and may even be willing to sacrifice themselves for them; but it never occurs to them that there is anything for which to be grateful. It seems so much a matter of course that all good things should flow to them from their parents, that they never give a thought to the source whence they are derived. It is not the source whence they are derived. It is not the source whence they are derived. It is not

OFFERING TO THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Soul of the beautiful! my life has yearned
To wonder on offering worthy of thy shrine:
An offering rich with Peery's amaranth,
And Pardon's purest rose and Truth's own star.
An offering worthy thee and Him of Galilee,
For which the luminous rings of Christian love,
Shall circle all the earth in one unbroken zone.
Might reveal, no matter the shrine to which it bends
I know that thou wilt smile, even as the Sun
Smiles on the smallest flower that springs to deck
His altar of the Earth—the father he,
As thou wert parent of my inmost hope.

Soul of the Beautiful! still feed my heart
With love; still take its worship of thy realms.
While in reverent, but not sorpine, awe,
Behold the Universe's mighty wheel
Resplendent hum in Time's great concert
Pouring forever down God's great Amen.

VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER VII.

"He hath not lost all who hath one brave to cast."

On finding that his scheme for the abduction of Elvira was dashed to the ground, the fact feeling that troubled the soul of Cabrera was that of hopeless despair; and as he passed through the gates of Alcoa he experienced that sensation on the spirits common to those who see the absolute necessity of relinquishing forever a long cherished hope. This sensation was blended with another of a different kind; the sensation of pain in a whisper by the monk filled him with anxiety for the future; for he saw that if it was in the power of that man to ruin him; yet, could he but have discovered who he was, this danger might have been averted; but even from this last resource was he cut off. Such was the dark spirit of the first thought that thronged the gates upon the Lord of Valverde. But his was a character not apt to give up all for lost ere subjecting the difficulties in which he might be involved to a thorough sifting; his tactics in the present case was that of the wealth; as he never decided upon a move without calmly weighing the probabilities for and against, or likewise he never abandoned a project before he had satisfied himself that every chance of success was gone. He now found that he had two cases to deal with—both of them appalling, if not hopeless.

The reader will already have conjectured that it was not love that impelled Cabrera towards Elvira. He was undoubtedly an admirer of her personal attractions; but that emotion, coarse and unalloyed love, which gives undisguised sway to the lustful heart of man over every feature of the mind, was absent in the cold and calculating Lord of Valverde, who had no room for worship, may have succeeded in covering this insensibility by words of gallantry, but ever had failed in giving a genuine picture of it. The love to him lay beyond the reach of the most gifted deceiver, who can only prevail through false words when the heart is not entangled in the meshes of love, or when her intellect is out of the brightest. Even was in neither of these plights; from the first she felt an aversion for Cabrera, and as for her intellect, it was remarkably clear, having acquired a more thorough insight into the character of the wooer than he imagined, or could have wished. The sin of the Lord of Valverde were the vast estates of the Lady of Rana.

A few moment's contemplation was sufficient for him to become convinced that all hopes of his marriage with Elvira were blasted forever. But was he as ready to admit the same conclusion with regard to obtaining possession of her estates? This was one subject that embarrassed him; the next was to counteract the danger he apprehended from the mysterious monk.

Fernão Rodrigues, who rode beside him, listened to the remarks in his superior; but in the latter did not vouchsafe any answer, the man remained silent, perceiving by the light of the moon, which was just rising, that there was a heavy cloud upon the brow of Cabrera, who seemed to be wrapt in deep thought. At length, a few minutes before they reached the village, Fernão observed something like a smile of satisfaction pass over the hitherto stern and gloomy face of his commander.

"Fernão," said the latter in an undertone, or as not to be overheard by the soldiers, who marched on a short distance behind them, "Fernão, I must go to Porto-de-Mos."

"To Porto-de-Mos! to see the king?" exclaimed Fernão, in the same tone, but in a tone that argued surprise.

"Even so. I must needs be. It will not take me much over three hours to get there, and I shall be back before noon to-morrow."

"Then, you go to-night?"

"Yes, instant my horse."

"You will require a guard; how many shall attend you, cavalier?"

"None; they would only clog my speed," replied Cabrera; "I must have a guide familiar with the by-roads. Do thou have a trusty one sought for with all dispatch, and let him be well mounted. Now, lead the men to the castle, and see to it, that all be in readiness at my arrival. There is a business which detains me here for a while."

As these words were spoken, they were just entering the town in front of the mansion of Cabrera turned off from the line, and, stationing himself at the distance of a few feet, commanded the soldiers to follow Fernão Rodrigues, who led them on to their quarters, as soon as they were out of sight, Cabrera looked around him, and seeing no living soul abroad, he advanced under the shelter of the square, where a few small houses were situated, and passing them, hid himself behind a doorway at the end, whence, without being observed, he might see those who sought admittance into the mansion, as the entrance was nearly opposite, and the moon was shining bright. He remained there for about half an hour; but nobody was seen to enter the abode of the monk.

"There has been ample time for this monk to have explained his errand," muttered Cabrera to himself. "We came at a slow pace; he must probably speed all apace, and entered without byepath. Ay, ay, the rabbit must be in his burrow ere night. With a bit, then, to the mansion, thou art a true monk of St. Bernard, I shall soon discover thee."

Speaking thus, in the tone of one who flattered himself to have overreached another in cunning, the Lord of Valverde rode across the square, which was some two hundred yards in width, and reined in at the gate of the monastery. It was only after knocking several times that at length a harsh voice asked who was there, while a face, on which discontent was visibly stamped, showed itself through the bars of the wicket, but the name of the applicant was no sooner given than the face assumed a smiling expression.

"This is late hour to intrude upon your slumbers, Don Bernardo," said Cabrera; "but pressing this way, I thought to inquire whether any of the holy brothers are abroad?"

"None to my knowledge, senhor," replied the porter.

"But did not one of the community come in just now?"

"No; I can answer for that. The last who entered was Frei Antonio da Visitação, and that was an hour after *Ave-Maria*. But why this question, my lord?"

"This it must be as I thought; some regret has put on the saintly habit of your order to some unholy purpose. As I came upon the hill crewhile, I saw the figure of a monk, at least there was no mistaking the dress; but ere I reached him, he turned out of the road into the fields. Pray, hold me excused for thus breaking in upon your rest, Don Bernardo, for I am, Don Bernardo," and so saying, Cabreira rode off.

"This is well. Who can have made bold to assume our habit as a disguise? *Senão nome de Deus!* and under our very noses! within the very gate of our jurisdiction! My lord the abbot must be informed of this the first thing in the morning," and amid these and other similar exclamations of pious indignation, Frei Bernardo hobbled back to his bed in no very amiable humor as having been disturbed.

Cabreira's anger and disappointment on being foiled in his hopes of obtaining a clew to the identity of the strange monk, may easily be imagined; but on having reached the outlet at the gateway of the castle, his face was calm and serene, and none would have supposed that such a storm was in the mind. After a few minutes after his arrival, he mounted a fresh steed, and started for Porto-de-Mos, accompanied by a single guide, who had been furnished with a horse in no wise inferior to the one Cabreira rode.

* * * * *

We will now remove the scene for a short time to Porto-de-Mos, a strongly fortified town about fifteen miles east of Alcobaça. The king and his troops had arrived there from Ourem the same evening which witnessed some of the incidents already recorded in our chapters.

Early the next morning, Don João, King of Portugal, was seated in a bed-chamber of the castle which was in the occupation of Don Nuno Valverde. This prince, whose long reign was

CABREIRA BEFORE THE KING.

destined to work one of the proudest epochs in the history of his country, was only twenty-eight years of age, of medium stature, but with well-proportioned limbs, handsome features, and great strength. His face was broad; his hair black, short and neatly combed; his eyes, of the same color, were large, and uncommonly brilliant and lively. Though his forehead was not remarkable for its elevation, rather the reverse, yet his countenance bore a look of intelligence, and its general expression was agreeable and prepossessing. Having been informed of his arrival, the governor of Porto-de-Mos had ordered him to be admitted to his presence without delay; and as Cabreira intimated that he was on important business, every one had left the room as soon as the king was announced.

"What has happened, Don Garcia? What has brought you to my presence?" asked the king.

"Nothing less than treason, sire," replied Cabreira.

"Treason, Dom Garcia! Who, then, has proved false to us? Pray unfold this matter with all dispatch!"

"There are many persons implicated, sire; and I grieve to say that one of the highest in rank—Dom Elvira Forjaz of Rana," rejoined Cabreira, with feigned compunction.

"Elvira Forjaz, an enemy to our cause! By heavens! I cannot believe it. The wife of Nuno Mem Forjaz cannot so far have forgotten herself. Did I hear you right, Dom Garcia? asked the king, whose face, at the name, had been reported to him.

"Alas! my liege, you heard but too well; the proofs are unfortunately so clear as to preclude all doubt of your guilt."

"In sooth, this is fatal news; nor can we bring ourselves to believe that the fault can be of such evidence. But who are her associates?"

"Some of the highest in rank, sire, especially one Vasco Peres, a cooper," replied Valverde.

"We must have this matter sifted to the point; for if you make good your words, something must be done to slip the evil in the bud. We are all ears, Dom Garcia."

"I must premise, sire," said the slanderer, "by telling your highness that I am unable to define the full scope of this conspiracy, as I have not been admitted into the secret by your crown, cannot be doubted, as I conceive it; but your better judgment, sire, will be enabled to do so."

"Why did you not commit him to prison forthwith, my lord? I think it is the best way, with scarce a dozen men at hand? Besides, as something must be done immediately, I, as Dom Elvira, I demand it more prudent to come at once to your Highness, in order that, resisting, you might double the fate of both without the chance of failing in the undertaking. I would suggest that by a vigorous and sudden attack upon the lodge of Rana and Vasco Peres, terror would discharten the rest, and the conspiracy be crushed."

"This is well advised, my trusty friend; you say that it is so much in favor of your cause, the arrest of this seditious cooper. Said you not he was rich?"

"So goes the report; in view of his mean trade, he may well be called so," observed Cabreira.

"His property shall be forfeited, and made over to Dom Garcia, if you think it worth accepting."

Cabreira made a profound inclination, giving the king to understand that he accepted the royal gift, and voiced his thanks for it.

"I am sorely embarrassed how to dispose of Dona Elvira," said the king, passing his hand in a perplexed mood: "I would not willingly, and without just condition, offend you, Dom Garcia, towards the niece of Dom Mem—and yet something ought needs to be done."

"Most assuredly, sire," suggested the artful Valverde; "she must be kept in safe custody, then the cooper; for she would find some one to plead for her, and your highness' power she is the life and soul of the plot, and receive her inquiries from Rana's own mouth."

"There is no question a moment as the present, there is no alternative left," said Don João, suddenly changing his tone for one of decision; "we will deliver you the warrant for her apprehension. Let her be confined in the castle of Alcobaça, omitting nought, however, conducive to her comfort. On your hasting the place, she will remain, until our further pleasure be known, in charge of the garrison belonging to the abbot."

"Your decision, sire, will be carried out to the letter ere half the day be spent; yet, if I might presume to offer an opinion, I should say that this would not result in a radical cure," said Cabreira, not altogether pleased with the turn matters were taking.

"How so? Speak, Dom Garcia; you have our leave."

"Ere obeying you, sire, I make bold to ally that if, by a little well-timed severity, you succeed in putting down all *outward* hostility against your crown, you would have sought to far from other quarters; for if the King of Castile had no supporters near your person or among your people, his chances of success in the present contest are but very slight."

"He thus we must speak to the troops," replied the king, with a glimpse of sunlit; "for we should omit nothing calculated to keep them in good spirits. But we, my good friend, know well that in this truth you have sacrificed, though not a holy purpose."

"Nay, sire," said Calvoiro, "I am in earnest, for, in sooth, I do firmly believe that Castile is not so sure of victory as many suppose."

"Then you are strangely in the dark as to facts, Dom Garcia. We despatched Aunai Vasques from Ourem to the Castilian camp with a challenge to the king, to meet us in single combat, inviting him to settle the dispute between themselves, and thus avoid useless bloodshed. Aunai Vasques returned last night, meeting us on the road, and related, that the king, accepted; in truth, the challenge was but a pretext, in order that our herald might have an opportunity of observing the strength of the enemy. The report that Aunai Vasques brings us is by no means cheering; it confirms information previously received, and gives the Castilians at least four times as many fighting men as we can muster, all of them well armed and equipped. Their leader, however, directed that the troops be kept ignorant of the whole truth."

"Then, sire, if your highness's good lawyer, I will still venture to stand by my assertion," said Cabreira, with respectful assurance.

"Explain yourself, Dom Garcia; have you aught to communicate of Aunai Vasques' second account?"

"By no means, sire; he stated that which he saw; but appearances often deceive. My view of the case is founded upon information."

"Pray you make this clear to me."

"It was but yesterday," replied Cabreira, "I spoke with one fresh from Leiria; and, not his astonishment, Don Castilloa came to the latter place but the day before, and, convinced me that the enemy's strength is more seemed than real."

"And who was this? One of the people of Leiria?"

"Nay, my lord; he is a staunch partisan of Castile."

"And how came you to hold converse with one of that sort?"

"I sought him out to request an interview."

"Ah! and for what purpose?" asked Don João, his brow darkening.

"To draw me over to the enemy, and induce me to betray your Highness," replied Cabreira, with perfect composure.

"Say you so?" cried the king, startled; "but you have the fellow safe in iron?"

"No, sire; he was allowed to return."

"You were wrong in this, Dom Garcia. If one or two of such as come to tamper on me, particularly with my friends, were forthwith thrown into a dungeon, it would deter others from following the same course."

"Craving your pardon, my liege, I fear not to predict that your Highness's service will gain more by what I did."

"Be it so," added the King.

"Don Juan of Castile proposed my joining his cause, and offered me the constable's estates, which he means to confiscate."

"Our brother-in-law is sure of the game, and in this there lies something of promise for us. Of course you rejected the offer with indignation?"

"I accepted, sire," replied Calvoiro quietly.

"You accepted, traitor!" exclaimed the King, and he seemed as unexpected an answer; but he immediately added in another tone: "you jest, Dom Garcia."

"I was jesting yesterday, my lord; but in your presence a jest would be out of place," replied Calvoiro in the same quiet manner; "I pretended to seize the bait with avidity; I assured the enemy's envoy that my services, the understanding being that I should pass over to the enemy during the action, I immediately perceived the advantage that would accrue to us from their depending upon a move, which I meant should never take place."

The king eyed his vassal with a deep, penetrating look, as if to test the sincerity of these words; but the latter stood the gaze with unruffled composure: his countenance gave not the slightest token of trouble or confusion. The prince seemed satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, and he said half jestingly:

"We could not afford to see you in the ranks arrayed against us, fair sir; your uncommon merits are too well known to us. But, in truth, your loyalty and good faith being quite so well known and implicitly trusted, we make no doubt but that this device of yours will work well, and prove beneficial in the end."

"Your Highness has no more trustworthy and loyal servant in the kingdom," said the hypocrite; "and you will grant I was right in asserting that you had less to fear from the invading army than its numbers might warrant—the interest of Castile in favor of Don Guilhaume's cause wanes weakness. But there is more than such as comprise in our midst."

"There is something in this," replied the king, after a little reflection; "and yet we must not depend too much on such vague inference. But, to return, you were about to make some communication on your decision touching Dona Elvira Forjaz."

"Sire, wealth is the foundation of power and influence, and a most dangerous weapon in the hands of such as are evil disposed; when we would render the serpent harmless without crushing his head, we draw the fangs containing the venom, which alone gives him power to do harm. Most assuredly neither Dona Violeda Affonso nor the Countess Dona Maria were more blameworthy than Dona Elvira Forjaz; and I think I may claim to be held as faithful a vassal of your Highness as Vasco Martins de Mello."

That the reader may apprehend the full bearing of this words, and thereby form some notion of the amount of assurance possessed by Cabreira in giving so much a lie, it is well to remark that the estates of the two ladies alluded to had been confiscated a few months before, on account of both of the ladies having participated against Don João, the latter being at the time invested merely with the title of protector; and that those estates had been given to Vasco Martins de Mello, one of the king's ablest officers.

The king made no immediate reply; he fixed his eye upon Cabreira, looking like one who is astonished and ashamed at what he has just heard, while the curling of his lip bespoke a mixture of contempt. But, while conscious of the inevitable consequences of some of those that surrounded him, and estimating such vile sentiments at their true value, Don João was aware that his crown was still too insecure to allow him to incur the risk of offending those interested supporters of his cause. His policy was, on the contrary, to give them a personal interest in its triumph, by stripping his opponents of their wealth and bestowing it on those who would be of most service to him. A system of this kind, altered, to in the midst of general discontent, even the respect for was in all its lowest ebb, did not admit of too much nicety in the choice of the means which would accomplish it; if not many, instances of crying injustice and flagrant suffering.

"You are right, cavallero," said the king, suppressing the secret feelings of disgust that he felt at the means to which he was so much taken up with Castile go such new fortunes there; and that such as prove *faithful* to us, receive something more than mere personal remuneration. I shall therefore confiscate the estates of Rana, and they will be fairly bestowed on one so brave and loyal as yourself."

"I am grateful," replied the double-faced Cabreira, "in your bounty, as in every thing else, I am prompted by a sincere attachment; and it was most gracious in your Highness to think of your poor servant. I am conscious that my merit can lay no right to look for so signal a guerdon; but I dare hope to render the property less glaring by my future conduct."

"Think you not, Dom Garcia, that we are so liberal in rewarding our friends at the expense of Castile?" asked Don João with a significant smile.

"You not only show yourself greater in this, sire, but you also act in your mode of reward for you spurn the cowardly and insidious policy which prompts the base to offer bribes to bribe a foe."

The Lord of Valverde had played a desperate game, and though he had gained one of his points, that was pretty much of a personal nature, in the second object for which he was contending, he had to blunt the edge of the tool whereby the monk might have worked his ruin for him. He was not quite reassured that he had raised an unfavorable impression in the king's mind. Whatever might be his suspicions touching Cabreira, they were with respectful assurance.

Certain that Don João was persuaded that he had transmitted ground upon which the loyalty of one whose services were in that conjuncture of the greatest importance stood.

In little more than an hour afterwards, Cabreira was on the road to Alcobaça, furnished with the two royal decrees whereby Elvira and Vasco Peres were to be cast into their worldly gaols.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Love and a cough cannot be hid."

About seven o'clock on the same greater part of the coopers were assembled in the workshop, which was the rest to serve, prior to the departure for Alcoa, when Beaz Martins, who was seated upon a barrel at one of the doors, cried out:

"Here comes a crowd headed by the alcaide Gonçalo Annes, and by Jove, he looks as he turned his eyes upon Vasco."

"Has this man arrived?" said the latter, as he came to the door, and looked in the direction indicated by Beaz.

While those in the shop were making various conjectures as to the import of this unexpected visit—for it was evident its destination could be no other than their workshop—Vasco Peres, there being no habitation in the intermediate space, quickly passed the distance, and the procession marched on at a slow pace. The alcaide—a stout, bluff-looking personage of about forty—cast his lobes of office—walked on with a measured step, and with a look of self-dignity. On his right hand was the Lord of Valverde, mounted on his charger, and followed by a troop of armed men, while a number of townsfolk came in the rear, behind, giving a loose rein to their long-tongues at the wondering what business the magistrate could have to transact at the cooper's.

Vasco Peres, the moment he saw the alcaide, felt that his hour was come; and, with a presentiment of the evil circumstances under which he was about to be placed, he resolved to make a bold stand for liberty, even at the risk of life. He was not long in doubt as to the object of the visit, for the alcaide, on coming up to the door, said:

"Vasco Peres, I arrest you in the name of the king, and command you to follow me to the castle of Alcobaça, there to be dealt with according to the royal will and pleasure."

"I am ready to obey the king's will, but I demand to know the charge on which I am arrested?" said Vasco, with a firm voice.

"Treason against the king," replied the alcaide.

"Treason, Dom Gonçalo! Who, then, has proved false to us? Pray unfold this matter with all dispatch!"

"There are many persons implicated, sire; and I grieve to say that one of the highest in rank—Dona Elvira Forjaz of Rana," rejoined Cabreira, with feigned compunction.

"Elvira Forjaz, an enemy to our cause! By heavens! I cannot believe it. The wife of Nuno Mem Forjaz cannot so far have forgotten herself. Did I hear you right, Dom Garcia?" asked the king, whose face, at the name, had been reported to him.

"Alas! my liege, you heard but too well; the proofs are unfortunately so clear as to preclude all doubt of your guilt."

"In sooth, this is fatal news; nor can we bring ourselves to believe that the fault can be of such evidence. But who are her associates?"

"Some of the highest in rank, sire, especially one Vasco Peres, a cooper," replied Valverde.

"We must have this matter sifted to the point; for if you make good your words, something must be done to slip the evil in the bud. We are all ears, Dom Garcia."

"I must premise, sire," said the slanderer, "by telling your highness that I am unable to define the full scope of this conspiracy, as I have not been admitted into the secret by your crown, cannot be doubted, as I conceive it; but your better judgment, sire, will be enabled to do so."

"Why did you not commit him to prison forthwith, my lord? I think it is the best way, with scarce a dozen men at hand? Besides, as something must be done immediately, I, as Dom Elvira, I demand it more prudent to come at once to your Highness, in order that, resisting, you might double the fate of both without the chance of failing in the undertaking. I would suggest that by a vigorous and sudden attack upon the lodge of Rana and Vasco Peres, terror would discharten the rest, and the conspiracy be crushed."

"This is well advised, my trusty friend; you say that it is so much in favor of your cause, the arrest of this seditious cooper. Said you not he was rich?"

"So goes the report; in view of his mean trade, he may well be called so," observed Cabreira.

"His property shall be forfeited, and made over to Dom Garcia, if you think it worth accepting."

Cabreira made a profound inclination, giving the king to understand that he accepted the royal gift, and voiced his thanks for it.

"I am sorely embarrassed how to dispose of Dona Elvira," said the king, passing his hand in a perplexed mood: "I would not willingly, and without just condition, offend you, Dom Garcia, towards the niece of Dom Mem—and yet something ought needs to be done."

"Most assuredly, sire," suggested the artful Valverde; "she must be kept in safe custody, then the cooper; for she would find some one to plead for her, and your highness' power she is the life and soul of the plot, and receive her inquiries from Rana's own mouth."

"There is no question a moment as the present, there is no alternative left," said Don João, suddenly changing his tone for one of decision; "we will deliver you the warrant for her apprehension. Let her be confined in the castle of Alcobaça, omitting nought, however, conducive to her comfort. On your hasting the place, she will remain, until our further pleasure be known, in charge of the garrison belonging to the abbot."

"Your decision, sire, will be carried out to the letter ere half the day be spent; yet, if I might presume to offer an opinion, I should say that this would not result in a radical cure," said Cabreira, not altogether pleased with the turn matters were taking.

"How so? Speak, Dom Garcia; you have our leave."

"Ere obeying you, sire, I make bold to ally that if, by a little well-timed severity, you succeed in putting down all *outward* hostility against your crown, you would have sought to far from other quarters; for if the King of Castile had no supporters near your person or among your people, his chances of success in the present contest are but very slight."

"He thus we must speak to the troops," replied the king, with a glimpse of sunlit; "for we should omit nothing calculated to keep them in good spirits. But we, my good friend, know well that in this truth you have sacrificed, though not a holy purpose."

"Nay, sire," said Calvoiro, "I am in earnest, for, in sooth, I do firmly believe that Castile is not so sure of victory as many suppose."

"Then you are strangely in the dark as to facts, Dom Garcia. We despatched Aunai Vasques from Ourem to the Castilian camp with a challenge to the king, to meet us in single combat, inviting him to settle the dispute between themselves, and thus avoid useless bloodshed. Aunai Vasques returned last night, meeting us on the road, and related, that the king, accepted; in truth, the challenge was but a pretext, in order that our herald might have an opportunity of observing the strength of the enemy. The report that Aunai Vasques brings us is by no means cheering; it confirms information previously received, and gives the Castilians at least four times as many fighting men as we can muster, all of them well armed and equipped. Their leader, however, directed that the troops be kept ignorant of the whole truth."

"Then, sire, if your highness's good lawyer, I will still venture to stand by my assertion," said Cabreira, with respectful assurance.

"Explain yourself, Dom Garcia; have you aught to communicate of Aunai Vasques' second account?"

"By no means, sire; he stated that which he saw; but appearances often deceive. My view of the case is founded upon information."

"Pray you make this clear to me."

"It was but yesterday," replied Cabreira, "I spoke with one fresh from Leiria; and, not his astonishment, Don Castilloa came to the latter place but the day before, and, convinced me that the enemy's strength is more seemed than real."

"And who was this? One of the people of Leiria?"

"Nay, my lord; he is a staunch partisan of Castile."

"And how came you to hold converse with one of that sort?"

"I sought him out to request an interview."

"Ah! and for what purpose?" asked Don João, his brow darkening.

"To draw me over to the enemy, and induce me to betray your Highness," replied Cabreira, with perfect composure.

"Say you so?" cried the king, startled; "but you have the fellow safe in iron?"

"No, sire; he was allowed to return."

"You were wrong in this, Dom Garcia. If one or two of such as come to tamper on me, particularly with my friends, were forthwith thrown into a dungeon, it would deter others from following the same course."

"Craving your pardon, my liege, I fear not to predict that your Highness's service will gain more by what I did."

"Be it so," added the King.

"Don Juan of Castile proposed my joining his cause, and offered me the constable's estates, which he means to confiscate."

"Our brother-in-law is sure of the game, and in this there lies something of promise for us. Of course you rejected the offer with indignation?"

"I accepted, sire," replied Calvoiro quietly.

"You accepted, traitor!" exclaimed the King, and he seemed as unexpected an answer; but he immediately added in another tone: "you jest, Dom Garcia."

"I was jesting yesterday, my lord; but in your presence a jest would be out of place," replied Calvoiro in the same quiet manner; "I pretended to seize the bait with avidity; I assured the enemy's envoy that my services, the understanding being that I should pass over to the enemy during the action, I immediately perceived the advantage that would accrue to us from their depending upon a move, which I meant should never take place."

The king eyed his vassal with a deep, penetrating look, as if to test the sincerity of these words; but the latter stood the gaze with unruffled composure: his countenance gave not the slightest token of trouble or confusion. The prince seemed satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, and he said half jestingly:

"We could not afford to see you in the ranks arrayed against us, fair sir; your uncommon merits are too well known to us. But, in truth, your loyalty and good faith being quite so well known and implicitly trusted, we make no doubt but that this device of yours will work well, and prove beneficial in the end."

"Your Highness has no more trustworthy and loyal servant in the kingdom," said the hypocrite; "and you will grant I was right in asserting that you had less to fear from the invading army than its numbers might warrant—the interest of Castile in favor of Don Guilhaume's cause wanes weakness. But there is more than such as comprise in our midst."

"There is something in this," replied the king, after a little reflection; "and yet we must not depend too much on such vague inference. But, to return, you were about to make some communication on your decision touching Dona Elvira Forjaz."

"Sire, wealth is the foundation of power and influence, and a most dangerous weapon in the hands of such as are evil disposed; when we would render the serpent harmless without crushing his head, we draw the fangs containing the venom, which alone gives him power to do harm. Most assuredly neither Dona Violeda Affonso nor the Countess Dona Maria were more blameworthy than Dona Elvira Forjaz; and I think I may claim to be held as faithful a vassal of your Highness as Vasco Martins de Mello."

That the reader may apprehend the full bearing of these words, and thereby form some notion of the amount of assurance possessed by Cabreira in giving so much a lie, it is well to remark that the estates of the two ladies alluded to had been confiscated a few months before, on account of both of the ladies having participated against Don João, the latter being at the time invested merely with the title of protector; and that those estates had been given to Vasco Martins de Mello, one of the king's ablest officers.

The king made no immediate reply; he fixed his eye upon Cabreira, looking like one who is astonished and ashamed at what he has just heard, while the curling of his lip bespoke a mixture of contempt. But, while conscious of the inevitable consequences of some of those that surrounded him, and estimating such vile sentiments at their true value, Don João was aware that his crown was still too insecure to allow him to incur the risk of offending those interested supporters of his cause. His policy was, on the contrary, to give them a personal interest in its triumph, by stripping his opponents of their wealth and bestowing it on those who would be of most service to him. A system of this kind, altered, to in the midst of general discontent, even the respect for was in all its lowest ebb, did not admit of too much nicety in the choice of the means which would accomplish it; if not many, instances of crying injustice and flagrant suffering.

"You are right, cavallero," said the king, suppressing the secret feelings of disgust that he felt at the means to which he was so much taken up with Castile go such new fortunes there; and that such as prove *faithful* to us, receive something more than mere personal remuneration. I shall therefore confiscate the estates of Rana, and they will be fairly bestowed on one so brave and loyal as yourself."

"I am grateful," replied the double-faced Cabreira, "in your bounty, as in every thing else, I am prompted by a sincere attachment; and it was most gracious in your Highness to think of your poor servant. I am conscious that my merit can lay no right to look for so signal a guerdon; but I dare hope to render the property less glaring by my future conduct."

"Think you not, Dom Garcia, that we are so liberal in rewarding our friends at the expense of Castile?" asked Don João with a significant smile.

"You not only show yourself greater in this, sire, but you also act in your mode of reward for you spurn the cowardly and insidious policy which prompts the base to offer bribes to bribe a foe."

The Lord of Valverde had played a desperate game, and though he had gained one of his points, that was pretty much of a personal nature, in the second object for which he was contending, he had to blunt the edge of the tool whereby the monk might have worked his ruin for him. He was not quite reassured that he had raised an unfavorable impression in the king's mind. Whatever might be his suspicions touching Cabreira, they were with respectful assurance.

Certain that Don João was persuaded that he had transmitted ground upon which the loyalty of one whose services were in that conjuncture of the greatest importance stood.

In little more than an hour afterwards, Cabreira was on the road to Alcobaça, furnished with the two royal decrees whereby Elvira and Vasco Peres were to be cast into their worldly gaols.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Love and a cough cannot be hid."

About seven o'clock on the same greater part of the coopers were assembled in the workshop, which was the rest to serve, prior to the departure for Alcoa, when Beaz Martins, who was seated upon a barrel at one of the doors, cried out:

"Here comes a crowd headed by the alcaide Gonçalo Annes, and by Jove, he looks as he turned his eyes upon Vasco."

"Has this man arrived?" said the latter, as he came to the door, and looked in the direction indicated by Beaz.

While those in the shop were making various conjectures as to the import of this unexpected visit—for it was evident its destination could be no other than their workshop—Vasco Peres, there being no habitation in the intermediate space, quickly passed the distance, and the procession marched on at a slow pace. The alcaide—a stout, bluff-looking personage of about forty—cast his lobes of office—walked on with a measured step, and with a look of self-dignity. On his right hand was the Lord of Valverde, mounted on his charger, and followed by a troop of armed men, while a number of townsfolk came in the troops behind, giving a loose rein to their long-tongues at the wondering what business the magistrate could have to transact at the cooper's.

Vasco Peres, the moment he saw the alcaide, felt that his hour was come; and, with a presentiment of the evil circumstances under which he was about to be placed, he resolved to make a bold stand for liberty, even at the risk of life. He was not long in doubt as to the object of the visit, for the alcaide, on coming up to the door, said:

"Vasco Peres, I arrest you in the name of the king, and command you to follow me to the castle of Alcobaça, there to be dealt with according to the royal will and pleasure."

"I am ready to obey the king's will, but I demand to know the charge on which I am arrested?" said Vasco, with a firm voice.

"Treason against the king," replied the alcaide.

ly, pointing to the document; when, having attained silence, he resumed: "In treasonable plots, conspiring against my royal person, and abetting and aiding the enemies of his king and country, am pleased to declare that Vasco Perez traitor and rebel, and do hereby command the said Don Garcia de Cabrera to take possession of his body and keep it in close custody to await our further pleasure——"

"The king has been deceived," exclaimed Bras, at the full pitch of his voice.

"Vasco Perez is loyal subject," added several other voices.

"Peace, friends," said Vasco, endeavoring to maintain the indignation of the company by these outbursts of passion will in no manner avail for my advantage, and will only bring you into trouble. None better than himself deprecated and hates man," and Vasco pointed to Cabrera, "know my innocence. Senhor Alcalde, you will not be interrupted again in the performance of your duty."

"I am pleased, moreover," continued the alcalde, reading from the document, "in consideration of the great services I have received and expect for the future to receive from the said Don Garcia de Cabrera, to give and grant unto him and his heirs of his body for ever and ever, without reserve all the goods and chattels, real and personal estate of the said traitor and rebel Vasco Perez; and the personal *abord* shall have full force and effect as if it had been a written agreement in the competent tribunal. Given at Pero-todo-Mas, this 12th day of August, in the era of Cæsar, 1435."

"Upon the authority of which I do here arrest thee, Vasco Perez," said Cabrera.

"Stone! stone!" cried many of those in the crowd which had come from the village.

None shall lay a finger on our master," said many of the campers, closing around Vasco, and looking defiantly at the soldiers.

"Is this, then, the king in whose cause we spill our blood?" said Braz Martins, with great vehemence; "can it be that the people for whom we are rallying counsels to despoil his people, and finally exhausted, in order to enrich his greedy nobles? I do not believe it; the alcalde is false; we are imposed upon."

"It's a fraud! 'tis a fraud!" added the coopers, in chorus.

"You see, my friends," said Cabrera, addressing his crowd, who kept a dogged and for-ever unmistakable though mute signs of disapprobation, being delivered by the presence of the troops from expressing their feelings more forcibly, "you see, my friends! what brother Braz says is true; the king is deceived; but this is no reason why we should attempt to resist his will. Make way, my lads; let the king's officers, the validers," continued he, coaxing forward and placing himself between some soldiers who had advanced a few steps, "Senhor Carvalho, despite your foul-mouthed accusation, you will never find in me a promoter of sedition: I am your friend, Carvalho," added he, turning to the indignant coopers, "keep your wrath within bounds: be calm. The king will see justice done, if no vital consequence: husband your strength and gifts for a better occasion; they will not be wanted. The Castilians are advancing; prepare yourselves to meet them as becomes men of throne and our country. Meanwhile be silent; utter not a word: to the charge so unjustly advanced by this knight, you must have but one answer; not by voice, though; let the vigor of your arms respond thereto. In the hour of battle you must show your king whether you are false or true to him. Will you, Bras?"

But the sentence was left unfinished; for Cabrera, being displeased with Vasco's speech, and aware that his own conduct had brought him into enquiry with all those around him, at moment-arms, had given the signal for the latter to march.

"Senhor Don Garcia," said the alcalde, "will you not take formal possession of your estate?"

"Nay, Senhor Alcalde, there is no leisure for this now; I will meet you, with my own retainers or witnesses required by law, later in the day, when there is no crowd about. Now, be pleased to repair to the quintin of Alcira; but alone; and see that these people remain here under your subordination: we can dispense with such a troublesome company. I shall meet you there anon, as hour, when you will know why your presence was needed."

Cabrera had spoken these words in an undertone, and, as he concluded, he hastened to rejoin the guard, who were marching around Vasco Perez. The latter was led to the castle and cast into a dungeon, wherein only a few feeble rays found admittance through a small grated window, or rather loophole, looking up near the vaulted ceiling.

The prisoner passed several dreary hours in this gloomy abode; scarcely any light now made its way through the dungeon window, and the shadows of evening were rapidly advancing, when the grating of the door, and the loud sound of the key turning in its lock fell upon his ear, attracting his attention to the door, upon the threshold of which appeared the figure of a female.

"O, how dark and dismal! Vasco! Vasco!" continued "Have I found you here?" cried the latter, hastening to embrace his sister, whose voice he had recognized, and who, being unaccustomed to the obscurity of the prison, as no sooner at first than if she had been blind. "This is a delight I scarcely dared hope for," continued he, pressing the slender form of the maiden to his bosom. "The lady Dona Elvira, how didst thou leave her, sister?"

"Alas!" what meanest thou? Speak, in the name of Heaven!" cried Vasco, vehemently.

"Ask me not, Vasco; O! the doleful day!"

"Violante, on thee I implore, I conjure thee to relieve my apprehension. What has happened to that saint of goodness ?"

"A most terrible misfortune."

"Speak then! is she dead?" asked Vasco, in a voice of anguish.

"Nay, brother, she fares well as far as health goes."

"God be praised! But tell me what has occurred," said Vasco, greatly relieved.

"She is a prisoner, like thee."

"A prisoner?"

"But this is not the worst; like thee she is a hostage."

"A hostage! a prisoner!" echoed Vasco, as if bewildered, and unable to realize what he heard.

"Ay, and in virtue of the king's warrant. I'll tell thee all about it, brother."

"Do, Violante; I fear me there is in this the hand of that demon, Cabrera; it enters much of his diabolical nature."

"Listen, Vasco: the sun was something better than an hour on its downward course towards the west; all was ready at Alcira for our departure, and we were expecting thy coming from one moment to another, when to our surprise the alcalde made his appearance quite unaccompanied. To my lady's repeated inquiries touching this sudden visit," said the maiden, "he answered that he had no information to give, having been ordered to repair thither on some business unknown to himself, but that ere long she, as well as Dona Elvira, would be informed of it.

"Did he not make mention of the manner I had been treated?" asked Vasco.

"Not a word upon the subject passed his lips. In less than an hour the lord of Valverde arrived at the quintin with a guard of armed men.

"This I looked for; who but he would figure in such a game?" exclaimed Vasco.

"He whom I now delight in calling my noble mistress, the lady Dona Sancha, and her lovely cheeks assumed a waxen hue; at the sight of her abhorred persecutor, she foresaw that nought but evil was in store for her. The soldiers who surrounded the house, together with the ominous Cabrera, the alcalde, the soldiers, and many of those belonging to the household, were commanded to remain without, while the lord of Valverde, with a solitary attendant, to the magistrate, bidding him to await it. By this document he set forth the lady's treasons and horrisies as the basis that frisk and gambols in the mountains, was charged with the crimes the whole of her estates confiscated, and she to be held as a state's prisoner."

"O villainy! O atrocity past endurance!" said Vasco, springing to his feet, a picture of the indignation.

"But perhaps the most abominable feature in this case, and of a piece with what has befallen thee, is that he ordered the imprisonment should be soon made over to the perfidious Cabrera, who, there and then, took possession of the keys, even from the hands of the alcalde."

"Ah! Violante, I see it all," said Vasco, in a convulsive voice, his teeth firmly set, his eyes flashing, his whole frame trembling violently with the fault of his feelings, "till the moment have I wished well to Don Juan, and spoken kind words to his enemies; even a while ago, when stript of all I had in the world, and cast into this horrible dungeon, like a criminal, I was blackest dye, did I lift up prayers in behalf of his cause, interdicted the wrong which I was made to calumny, and enjoin my men to adhere to him. But his ungrateful conduct towards the affliction of a defenceless lady pass all the bounds of sufferance; I can bear with the king himself, and shews each word of all sense of justice, is not worth the trouble of a moment's anger, much less blood in the kingdom. From this day forward I am Don Juan's foe."

"Hush, Vasco," said Violante; "be not too hasty. The king has been led to adopt these measures, and we should believe that he has not lost sight of his ancient accurately all the services rendered for his dedication. I would this believe that Cabrera, when the truth has been made to his ear, he will reverse this iniquitous sentence, and punish him who has so grossly deceived his sovereign."

"And how did thou leave poor lady bear this cruel stroke of fortune?" asked Vasco, somewhat appeased by his sister's words.

"With more fortitude than I could have anticipated. At first she indignantly repelled the charges brought against her, but, seeing it strong terms to the villainous lord of Valverde; but when the alcalde, following the written order, ordered the commission entrusted to him, and to lapse the ominous word *suspect*. Never did his orders were peremptory, she became tremulous and pale. Oh, my brother, what is the use of wealth, but requested to be allowed to remain at liberty or to be sent to the castle of Lamego, the hour I saved the drowning lady of Rinza, I was not ignorant that I was doing a deed which unaccountable emotions have made my bosom glow with pleasure. Nevertheless I never for a thought alone has engrossed my mind and filled it, nor with vicious or selfish view was I the cause of double despair. Once was I proud of what I had done; I was the labor of my hands; but now, shame on me! I have known myself to sigh and long for a few drops of noble blood, that I might call it mine; but now, that I have it, I have no right to do—cast my looks upon Dona Elvira. Oh, my sister, these unbidden and unaccountable emotions have made my bosom glow with pleasure. I would purge it of them;

money-lender took his leave. Wilton would have followed, but the landlord darted between him and the door.

"As a lover, sir?," he said; "it was agreed upon."

"I'd give five pounds to discover his name and address," observed the stroller.

"You may not purchase either one or the other."

"You know him, Jack?"

The host of the "Flower-in-Hand" made no reply; but sitting himself in a position to command the egress of his guest, quietly lit a pipe which he took from the table, and commenced smoking.

"I suppose he is rich?"

"I am not such an ass as to go security for a poor man," observed the landlord, puffing away; "and, Wilton, ask me no more questions. I don't care about lying to you, and I dare not answer you."

"But one word—the money?"

"Safe as the Bank of England," was the reply.

Lilly never appears so redolent of enjoyment as when we rise for the first time from the bed of illness, and find ourselves once more face to face with Nature. With what a smile she welcomes us! how keen a perception of her beauty rushes on the heart, which fills to overflowing! We revel in existence! and with every breath of pure, sweet air, so different from the close, stifling atmosphere of the sick-chamber, feel that we inhale fresh strength; our souls expand with gratitude, and our thoughts are gradually lifted up towards Him whose mercy has vouchsafed a renewed lease of time, increased length of days.

These and similar sensations crowded the heart and brain of the poor dwarf, till pleasure became almost painful from its intensity. He wandered through the meadows at the back of the dairy-yard—a scene which always peculiarly feeds its fairy visions realized. He felt that he was grateful. The spell that disinherited him from humanity was broken; he knew that to form, as well as mind, he should have part and in the triumph of his convictions he would not have endangered the principle of his own birthright.

Existence is a terrible inheritance when we reflect that eternity fills up the inventory—that a mere breath of time exists with the illimitable issues of everlasting happiness, or the soundless ones of unutterable misery.

It would be impossible to describe or analyze the emotions of waking drowsily as that he looked through the busy brain of Telbin, by the time he reached the field which skirted the high road at the back of the dairy. As he approached the gate, he observed a man somewhat attired, with dark, bushy hair and whiskers, loitering near a dog-cart, which he had fastened to one of the trees. Evidently the stranger was waiting for some one.

He did not leave him long in doubt, for quietly curbing his pace, he advanced to the gate and demanded if his name was not Telbin.

"Yes," answered the dwarf; "that is my name."

"And you have a sister?"

"Clara," exclaimed the youth; "can you believe my anxiety respecting her? They tell me she has taken an engagement in the country, but that need not prevent her from writing to me. Something, I fear, has happened. If you are known, pat an end to the suspense I suffer; let me hear the truth. I can bear it, but, I repeat, I suffer—I am."

The money-lender smiled; the word "sun" gave him the cue how to proceed in order to guide the confidence of his informed victim.

"I can give you the information you desire," he replied, "but must be assured first there is no mistake; that you really are her brother, and are not very tall, to be sure," he continued, eyeing him doubtfully; "still you are far from being a dwarf."

"How I must have grown!" thought Telbin, excitingly.

"I know both ill," he added aloud; "suffered from fever, and an increasing in stature rapidly. Come with me to the house: the worthy person with whom I reside will satisfy you of my identity."

This would have defeated his treacherous machinations, as he deemed himself perfectly convinced by the explanation.

"Claire is overjoyed," he replied.

"Married!" exclaimed her brother, with astonishment.

"And is about to leave London with her husband, who does not care to burden himself with you. He wishes to see you privately, and has sent me to bring you to her."

Marvel! repeated the youth, his heart swelling painfully at the thought of his being deemed a burden by one.

"I shall soon be able to work for myself now."

"Well, it certainly does appear likely," observed Mr. Parfit, who saw that the bait had taken.

The assertion was cleverly made, and betrayed no slight knowledge of his neighbor's feelings and character. For years it had been a painful reflection to Telbin that he depended upon the cravings of Clara.

"You must see her whilst her husband is absent," continued the deceiver; "so make up your mind at once; we have no time to lose."

"Is the dog-cart for me?" demanded the youth.

"Half an hour's ride. You can be back by noon, at the very latest," replied the moneylender. "Decide; I can't wait—I won't wait longer."

"You—you!" exclaimed the victim, greatly excited. "I will go with you. A burden!" he repeated over and over to himself. "That was not Clara's thought, but her husband's. He need not fear. Heaven! I will be a burden to no one."

With an agility which rather surprised his unprincipled adviser, he quickly unfastened the gate, and stood in the road beside him.

"Way yourself in that," said Mr. Parfit, throwing him a warm rug; "you my have been ill long, and the air is fresh."

Telbin mechanically obeyed him, his mind still painfully engrossed by the thought of being looked upon as a burden. The word stuck in the poor dwarf's throat, and he continued to muse upon it as the triumphant old scoundrel drove rapidly with him towards the Mint in the Borough.

As our readers may suppose, it was neither feeling nor humanity which prompted the proposition of the horse-ride, but prudence; the appearance of the invalid would be sufficiently remarkable to attract attention—the thing he most carefully wished to avoid.

Although the brother of Clara had passed the greater portion of his life in London, he knew but little of its localities. The irritable sensitiveness of his disposition rendered him unwilling to venture into the street, unless at night, when he could pass unobserved, and escape the annoyance of vulgar curiosity. Yet even he thought the neighborhood of the "Flower-in-Hand" a strange one, and, had his mind been perfectly free from agitation, in all probability would have regarded it with suspicion.

Is my sister staying in this place?" he demanded, as the dog-cart drove up the narrow court at the back of the tavern.

"You forget she can't see you at the friends of her husband," was the reply.

It silenced the poor dwarf. They, too, he thought, might look upon him as a burden.

Mr. Parfit alighted, and bidding his nephew retain the reins, entered the house, through several intricate passages, into the sanctum where he had made his arrangements the preceding night with the notorious thief Wilton. There was no one in it but themselves.

Telbin looked round the room uneasily, and for the first time a vague suspicion crossed him that he had acted unwisely in quitting the dairy without informing the farmer and dame Mayfield of his intention.

The money-lender rang the bell twice.

On hearing the sound of footsteps in the passage, his accomplice, ere opening to his call, prepared to embrace his sister, but instead of Clara, the mountebank and Jack Minton made their appearance. There was nothing particularly startling or thrilling to the features or looks of the two men; the dwarf, however, felt alarmed, and, urged by that instinctive sense of self-preservation which often prompts the most timid people to act with the intention of escaping from the place, and would have succeeded, had not the subtlety of his treacherous relative been quicker than his own.

"Where would you go?" demanded the hypocrite, seizing his arm with the cable.

"Anywhere from this house."

"Ridiculous!"

"My sister is not here," exclaimed the youth; "you have deceived me."

"Shut the door, Jack," said Mr. Parfit.

The order was obeyed. But, though hopeless to escape, Telbin did not resign himself without a struggle. He was naturally strong, and in his efforts to break from the man who held them together, tore off the wig and false whiskers which hitherto so effectually disguised him.

The mountebank broke into a hearty laugh.

"Come back to your master," he cried, replacing the disguise.

"Don't deceive yourself," said Wilton; "the farce is over, the make-up useless between brothers-in-law. Telbin, you should know your anywhere."

Notwithstanding this assertion, Mr. Parfit carefully adjusted the wig and whiskers.

"Of your brother," repeated Telbin, resolutely. "I have never injured any one."

"Why should any one seek to injure you?" replied his uncle, with a sneering laugh. "Come, you will understand it all by-and-by."

"There can be no mistake," said Jack. "Observed his neptune, in a tone of defiance.

"Nonsense, Jack; I should know you anywhere," continued the mountebank, regarding him with a mixture of curiosity and interest. "I have not deceived you, so you may release him."

Telbin remained silent.

"I have brought you," continued the speaker, "Bought in?"

"Yes, to—sold. I am the proprietor of a menagerie—travelling curiosities, living and dead ones. Now you understand?"

"Bought in!" repeated Telbin.

"Of your brother," added the money-lender; "and now the secret is out."

The latter struck the table with his clenched fist exactly in my way. Poor fellow," he added, in a compassionate tone, "frightened—and no wonder—has been hard enough on him already."

Wilton repeated the word "Providence" with an ironical laugh.

"Well, and there such a thing?" demanded Jack.

"Of course there is," replied the stroller.

"I knew I had read on it in the Bible," muttered Wesley, "only I couldn't remember."

"And I to miss," added the poetical vagabond.

"There is a providence in this dogs' ear code.

Reach how does how we may."

With which quotation we must conclude our first chapter.

CHAPTER XLVI.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
GRAY.

It is astonishing with what tenacity men of one idea, or of being the slaves of one idea, the accompaniment of one particular purpose, cling to life. Death seems to respect their concentration of thought and action, and hesitates, as if reluctant to strike the fatal blow at them.

There was one person who watched the last hours of Mark Chambers with feelings unknown for Sir Jasper Mansell. Two of the days accorded by Mr. Harper had already elapsed. Still the old man lived. The relentless old voyager would not have contrived a more cruel punishment: a fresh breeze, which would have wafted the ship he could extinguish, was the only obstacle between the wealthy criminal and safety. It was the torment of Tantalus with superadded pangs.

Although his position, on his arrival at the bank on the third morning, appeared paler than usual, there was nothing in its expression to indicate the dreadful anxiety and feelings which preyed upon his very heart. He attended to the bank correspondence, opening the letters himself, and noting, in pencil, the replies which he was to make for John Ledger to attend him.

The old man, Mr. Harper, Sir Jasper," said the cashier, as he entered the private office. "It is extraordinary how tenacious he is of life. At his age, too?"

"Few of us have the idea of parting from it," observed his employer with a sigh. "You will attend to these at once, Mr. Mansell," said what you have entered them, return."

He delivered him the correspondence with a firm hand.

"Any further instructions, Sir Jasper?" inquired Mr. Ledger.

"Not at present."

Left to himself, the speaker wrote a short, business-like letter to Mr. Harper, requesting to see him at the banking-house at one hour the next day, on important affairs, and added in a postscript that the counsel-learned was sufficiently remarkable to attract attention—the thing he most carefully wished to avoid.

Although the brother of Clara had passed the greater portion of his life in London, he knew but little of its localities. The irritable sensitiveness of his disposition rendered him unwilling to venture into the street, unless at night, when he could pass unobserved, and escape the annoyance of vulgar curiosity. Yet even he thought the neighborhood of the "Flower-in-Hand" a strange one, and, had his mind been perfectly free from agitation, in all probability would have regarded it with suspicion.

Mr. Parfit alighted, and bidding his nephew retain the reins, entered the house, through several intricate passages, into the sanctum where he had made his arrangements the preceding night with the notorious thief Wilton. There was no one in it but themselves.

Telbin looked round the room uneasily, and for the first time a vague suspicion crossed him that he had acted unwisely in quitting the dairy without informing the farmer and dame Mayfield of his intention.

The money-lender rang the bell twice.

On hearing the sound of footsteps in the passage, his accomplice, ere opening to his call, prepared to embrace his sister, but instead of Clara, the mountebank and Jack Minton made their appearance. There was nothing particularly startling or thrilling to the features or looks of the two men; the dwarf, however, felt alarmed, and, urged by that instinctive sense of self-preservation which often prompts the most timid people to act with the intention of escaping from the place, and would have succeeded, had not the subtlety of his treacherous relative been quicker than his own.

"Where would you go?" demanded the hypocrite, seizing his arm with the cable.

"Anywhere from this house."

"Ridiculous!"

"My sister is not here," exclaimed the youth; "you have deceived me."

"Shut the door, Jack," said Mr. Parfit.

The order was obeyed. But, though hopeless to escape, Telbin did not resign himself without a struggle. He was naturally strong, and in his efforts to break from the man who held them together, tore off the wig and false whiskers which hitherto so effectually disguised him.

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Is my sister staying in this place?" he demanded, as the dog-cart drove up the narrow court at the back of the tavern.

"You forget she can't see you at the friends of her husband," was the reply.

Parfit. In my wish that you take up your abode there till he returns. You can leave the keys with Mr. Sellon; he will attend to the opening and shut in the morning."

To such an order there was no other reply than obedience. The porter and man with fish rather pleased than otherwise at what they considered an unusual mark of confidence.

"I have done all that is possible, humanly speaking," murmured the guilty man; "the rest is in the hands of destiny. A few hours will decide whether I steer my bark into a port of safety, or sink it a wreck upon the rocks that surround me. Heaven help me, I feel it! My pulse beats time as peacefully as though danger and disgrace were unknown. I contrive a snaring to me. This is unnatural," he added; "the hall before the storm—the silence of the wind before the hurricane—the lull before the tempest."

"Better so, better so, than wounaish, weak despondency."

Sir Jasper Mansell left the banking-house in Lombard street at his usual hour, talking with him the duplicate keys of the private entrance. The rest he had noticed on removing them from the place where they had lain for years had disappeared, and was thought no more, or at least used them.

Notwithstanding that he had but a dull time of it, Jim remained faithfully at his post in the counter of the dog Mark, who, at the shade of evening drew in, sank into that state of half dreamy consciousness which many persons experience in this fierce-world.

Once or twice the old man muttered some unintelligible words, then again fetch and frown, again sank into a state of apathy again.

"Jim—Jim—Jim!" repeated the cripple: "what can he put green fields into his head? I'll be more than ever disappointed in him if he forgets the birds," he added, "or reminds him on 'em's dreaming—dreaming about 'em. I covered him with the table-cloth to prevent his disturbing 'em."

Mark Chambers spoke again.

"Jim—Jim!" repeated the invalid his attendant. He listened, and fancied he distinguished the words, "Sir Jasper." "Sir Jasper!" Again he listened."

"Thinking of his son as wor murdered nearly so many years ago," muttered the cripple to himself; "I wish I could get it. It must have been a sad shock to him. Some people say he never was born right since, not that I can see it. To me he is the same as ever he was. Sir Jasper!"

This was not a very exalted test, perhaps, but to the speaker no doubt a satisfactory one. He was not a man to be deceived, and, if he were, was no wrong, suspected none. Nature, that proved so unkind by all his kind, had given the poor cripple an honest, feeling heart, and a contented mind, which rendered him a philosopher.

There is compensation for most misfortunes, and many more for deformities is surely to be found in her ways.

Sir Jasper Mansell Mark Chambers became occasionally restless, raised his head frequently from his pillow, and listened attentively.

Jim thought the last moment was drawing near, and, with the kind and unreasoning humor of religion, he remembered what the city missionary had taught him. "Prepare to die."

"Silence!" added the dying man.

"Silence!" repeated Jim. "Why, you're not like Silence! do you not have a sound?"

"Jim, you're a fool," said the man, "that's all," answered the poor fellow, beginning to feel extremely uneasy.

"Extinguish the light."

"Extinguish the light," echoed the cripple.

The order was repeated, accompanied by a blow on the counter with the hand, and Jim was bound himself by a solemn promise, made pure by his simple vision, "Prepare to die," to purchase, unhesitatingly complied with his request.

Mark Chambers was like Sir Jasper Mansell, but that kind of darkness visible which inspires timid minds with fear, and which is called night in fact-crowding fears. He heard the old man rustling in his bed, and muttering to himself.

"My strength will not fail me now," was the thought of the cripple.

His companion listened, and fancied he could distinguish sounds of footsteps, as if some one were creeping cautiously on tiptoe across the low; he paused for a few instants, scarcely drawing his breath, and the suspicion became a certainty.

"There is some one," he whispered

Mark silently pressed his hand.

"I hear them at the door," he yard."

"Is the window open?" demanded the old party.

"Yes."

"Now rise me, then; raise me for the last time," said the dying man. "If this hope fails me, I am undone. Jim, you remember the promise you made me. You recollect what I said?"

"Silence?" said the old man, in a calm, clear voice, which proved that all his companion to run cold. "The judge hath ascended the throne—the trumpet hath sounded."

He might have added, "and the executioner," but his mind was filled with more solemn ideas.

Shaded by the thick stuff curtain, drawn partially across the window, the experienced eye of actor might have done the performance of some young aspirant to the fame contained in the stage.

As the door below moved slowly upon its hinges a weight fell from the canopy of the bed on the counter, and the dying man, with sufficiently heavy to have awakened any one who was not in a trance.

Doubtless our readers have not forgotten the startling report to Harold of the workmen that the roll of bell-wire that led mounted to the window.

Mark had taken every precaution.

Change, which announced nothing, the court-yard, carrying a spade and a lantern. By the light of the latter the watchers distinctly recognized the features of Sir Jasper Mansell, whose countenance might have filled him had he seen the ghastly smile that flitted over the countenance of one of them, as he stood for an instant regarding the window.

"There is no light," he murmured; "the old man is dead at last."

This supposition gave him increased confidence, and he proceeded at once to his long-delayed but necessary task of digging up the desk of Clement Chambers, which he had buried on the night of his decease.

"Not yet," muttered Mark, "not yet; I must not die first."

For nearly half an hour the pretended friend, the self-appointed executor, at his own, plied the spade and pickaxe vigorously, shoveling aside the earth. The prize at last appeared within his reach, and stooping over the cavity, he raised it triumphantly.

At the same instant the old man drew from a recess behind the curtain a pistol, which he levelled with deliberate aim and deed.

"Murder!" groaned the victim.

"Justice!" exclaimed Mark Chambers, in a solemn tone. "The cry of blood has not risen from earth in vain. God is just."

The weapon fell from his hand as he uttered the solemn words, and he sank back on the seat a corpse.

Our readers may imagine the surprise and consternation of the poor cripple, to whom the scene must unexpected. He knew not what to do. His first impulse was to cry for assistance. The echoes of the old mansion alone replied to him. The next was to strike a light and descend to the court-yard, where he found the bravest still sensible, his hands firmly grasping the desk.

"Who are you?" demanded the wounded man, faintly.

"Jim, Sir Jasper; poor Jim, who sweeps the crossing. Don't you recollect me? Mark got me to sit up with him, but I had no thought of what was going to happen. It slid my faithful mind is clear. Only to think of his shooting you!"

"Call him to me; I would speak with him."

"It must be in the next world, then," answered the cripple.

"How mean you?"

"He is dead," said the man; "dead!"

A smile of satisfaction flitted over the pale features of the speaker, as he raised himself, himself, however, as to his own fate. He felt that his power was sealed—he felt had shattered his plan. He might linger, possibly for, a few hours or even days, but death was the hopeless. Still he rejoiced, for the honor of his name was likely to remain unsullied.

"Shall I run for assistance?" demanded the cripple.

"Lift me first—gently—oh, gently," said the baronet; "carry me to my own room—both hands are required."

By an extraordinary exertion of strength, Jim and Sir Jasper succeeded, or rather dragged, the speaker from the courtyard through the passage into the private office, and place him on the seat of the easy-chairs.

"Now, then, I will fetch the doctor," he exclaimed, bobbling towards the door.

"Stay!" said Harold.

"Not yet," he said. "Feel in my pocket—the right; you will find a key."

"I have it."

"Open the iron chest."

Jim with some difficulty complied with his request.

"Place that desk in it," exclaimed the unnatural father; "lock the door, and take the key in my pocket."

It was all like those instructions were fulfilled that the head of the great banking house of Mansell and Company permitted the terrified cripple to leave him in search of assistance. His only fear was that death might claim its victim before his return.

We may pass over some portion of the scene that followed upon the arrival of the police: the ascendancy of the surgeon, who, after a brief examination, pronounced the wound mortal. Special messengers were at once dispatched one to Mr. Rosher the coroner, and a second to Lombard street, who, long before daybreak, was by crowds of the most sensitive in London.

To all entreaties for an explanation of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred, the baronet had but one reply—"accident." Mark Chambers had met his death by a robber, and fired at him on the supposition.

Although no one credited this version of the affair, still few were inclined to put their friends to pressed his disbelief.

"Jim, come here," he said; "speak openly. It is not well to do with falsehood in the heart, or upon the lips. If there is any one whom I ought to be punished."

The cripple groaned the banker; "do not press upon me the subject; my lips are sealed for the sake of others. Let me die with a clear matter little what man say of Jasper Mansell."

"What induced you to fire at the old man at home?" demanded his victim, with the face as he stood aloof.

"Hush! not a word of that."

"I must, I will," he said; "speak openly. It is not well to do with falsehood in the heart, or upon the lips. If there is any one whom I ought to be punished."

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"Jim, come here

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

YEARS AGO.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

Ride your fast, stars of evening,
Ride your fast o'er other vales!
Hush your sweetly lisping lyres,
Softly singing autumn gales.

Once I loved you, stars of evening,
Winds, I loved your silvery flow,
When my life was set to music,
Years ago.

Never there, scraglio fleet,
Lingering those love's sweetest tone,
Linked with one beloved presence,
Which the present cannot own.

When the will, worn out, was plighted,
Where the friends we worshipped so,
Where the fire filled our hearths,
Years ago!

Gazing softly toward our weekend,
With our trembling mortals within,
When the doors of love and glory
Framed "sand" flow' morning paint.
Counting our our last ambitions,
To Time's sober shadow soon,
Who exalted strict Eureka!
I am all I might have been.

Ye, oh, ask our valentine longing,
Ever our morning's perished dust!
Every hour in its bower
Holds the present's better trust.
And the years with their divisions are as different as the people—the hands of the Chinese hang low, undulating and slender, those of the Indians rugged, mountainous, and in some degree sterile. The Chinese are physically timid and industrious—the Indians athletic, fierce and warlike; the former live by their herds, tillage and peaceful arts—the latter by plundering, pillaging, captivity, and making slaves of their more honest neighbors. A state of constant hostility exists between the two nations. The Indians cross the mountains in formidable bands, swoop down like locusts on the tillage and carry their booty, corn, cattle, grain, drive off their herds, and make prisoners of as many men, women and children as they can lay their hands on. These human captives serve the red man in a double capacity—slaves and slaves, and sexually as food—for the Indians are cannibals, and often feast on human flesh.

Some years ago an English vessel was wrecked on the eastern coast of this island, and four men, half drowned and considerably bruised, found themselves clinging to the wreck in the morning Heaven for rescue. From the only survivor of this ill-fated crew we have the following thrilling narrative of peril, adventure, suffering and escape:

"As our vessel went to pieces upon a howling reef, within a hundred yards of the rocky shores of the island of Formosa, I managed to get hold of a spar, to which I clung with all the tenacity of a drowning man. Three others got a hold of the same support simultaneously with myself, and for a few minutes we were whirled about with terrible velocity, and then a huge wave suddenly landed us upon a low ledge of rocks, a few feet above the level of the seething and roaring waters that madly broke against them. Through half dead from exhaustion and seriously bruised, yet the hope of life brought every faculty into active play, and in less than a minute we were all beyond the danger of being swept back into the boiling and foaming surf.

"This happened not far from mid day—the wind blowing a gale, and the rain battling against us in stinging sheets. We could see no sign of a dwelling within a distance out upon the angry sea, though clearly through the gaps in the storm our vessel had gone to pieces. We now and then detected some portions of the wreck whirling about in the surf, but both our crafts could be considered a sign of human life. Of the twenty-two human beings composing the officers and crew of this fine vessel, not one were all that were now left alive; and as we looked at the towering rocks above us, the awful destruction below, listened to the wild howlings of the storm, and considered our present helpless condition, on an island said to be inhabited by a fierce race of cannibals, we sincerely envied those who were sleeping their last sleep. Their earthly troubles at least were over, while the unknown future might hold for us such terrors and sufferings as would make us pray for death as a relief.

"But still the proverb, 'while there is life, there is hope,' gave us a little cheer; and thanking God for our preservation from the sea, we set to tell up the rocks to see what lay beyond. We were so exhausted and bruised as to make our ascent very slow and painful, and nearly every step was attended with a groan of both mental and physical suffering.

"At length we reached the summit of the cliff, and found ourselves on the edge of a dense wood. We stopped to rest a few minutes, and then pushed forward for a quarter of a mile through a thicket of undergrowth, when to our surprise we suddenly came to the sight of a small, neat village of stone houses, scattered upward along the slope of a neighboring hill from the bed of a romantic valley through which flowed a babbling stream. We could see what looked like gardens, shade trees, orchards, green lawns, and, far back, fields of pasture and grain, the whole having the appearance of a high state of civilization. Could this be the abode of savages and cannibals? No—never—impossible—and we shouted for joy at the thought that Providence had thrown us among a people who would not deny us the rights of hospitality. Also I we knew little of the future.

"As we were about to again set forward, with brightened spirits, a cool event took place among us. One of our companions, who had seemed the most delighted at the discovery of the village, suddenly stopped, sat down, pressed his hands against his breast, and complained of a feeling of suffocation. Almost the same moment he fell over on his back, and on examination disclosed the startling fact that he was dead. The fatigue and excitement had proved too much for the action of a diseased heart, and he had gone to join the spirits of those who had perished in the deep. As we had no means of burying him, we placed his body upon a high rock, took away the few trifling things we found in his pockets, and in a more sad, dejected mood, set forward toward the village, with the expectation of getting assistance from the natives and returning to perform the last sad office of humanity. But we never returned. We called him 'poor fellow!' the—men—we ever had a title afterward.

"As we approached the village, we came upon a few Chinese laborers, at work in the storm in an open field. On seeing us, they fled with cries of terror, and in a few minutes the whole town was in a state of the wildest alarm—horns blowing, tom-toms beating, and men, women and children running to and fro in great confusion. We stopped to let the excitement calm down, and were soon cautiously approached by a band of some twenty-five or thirty athletic savages, armed with bows and arrows, spears, battle-axes and knives. They warily drew near us, and we held up our open hands, and watched them with breathless interest and searching looks, as if we could see they were the dreaded red men of whom we had heard such terrible accounts.

"Physically considered, they were not an ill-looking set of men, being of good stature, with well-developed limbs and bodies. Their skins were a bright copper color, and their hair black and long, sweeping down in large masses over their necks and shoulders. Their features I did not like, the general expression being too sensual and cruel. Their foreheads were narrow, their eyes black and sooky, their cheek-bones high, their mouths large and coarse, their teeth and their mouths and jaws huge and massive. They were clad in a kind of tunic, belt and kilt, and a strip of cotton cloth about the body. These two articles formed their entire costume, and their only ornaments were large rings depending from their ears.

"As soon as they had satisfied themselves that we were not armed and hostile, they came up boldly, and one, who seemed to be a leader or chief, and whose only distinctive mark was a bright-colored feather in his wool, made signs to know from whence we came. I replied to him as well as I could, and then, to convince him and stand that we were wrecked, he seemed highly excited, and, pointing out in the village, where, after undergoing a close and troublesome examination from every one of the savages, we were locked up in a small stone house, which had but one apartment, and no outlet save the door.

"Here we remained, a prey to conjecture, till dusk, when the chief and several warriors came to us with a bowl, and showed us some things that proved they had found the wreck. They then proceeded to divide up our clothes, and the dead bodies, after the manner of so many hungries contending for animals they intend to slay. We remembered we were among cannibals, trembled with terror, and regretted we had not died perished with the vessel. Both of my companions were large and stout, and I knew they would be quite fleshy. With him the savages seemed much pleased. Then they left us, and pulled, felt, and nodded to each other with smiles, while he, poor fellow, with terror, trembling limbs, and eyes half starting from their sockets, looked the horror we all felt, but were afraid to trust ourselves to speak. Next in their approval was my other companion, but he was not pronounced fat enough for me. Then in my life I thanked God for being small, thin, lousy and muscular.

"After this examination they went out, carrying all our clothes with them. In the course of an hour they returned with a large pot filled with rice, and about a gallon of water, and then left us for the night. We ate our rice without tasting, as may readily be believed, and our fellowcreats dying, as we supposed, were soon satisfied with the most horrid dreams.

"The storm abated about midnight, and the morning broke fair. At daylight six savages came into our prison with cords, and proceeded to bind our arms behind our backs. They then led us out to a wide open space in the center of the village, where most of the inhabitants were already assembled, and where we found a fire being attended by a Chinese slave of the same sex as myself. In the middle of the space was a tall stake, and near it about five feet high and sixty in circumference, and around the inner side of which the wall was built. Here, to my horror, my companions was now separated from us, and bound back to back to the stake, with their hands behind them, and then, amid cries of terror from the victims, and shouts of delight from the savage spectators, they were lifted over into the arena, and the figures set on fire. The spectacle which followed was horrid beyond description, and the shrieks, moans and groans of the poor fellows, as the flames encompassed and tortured their flesh, and their limbs writhed and then alive, are ringing in my ears yet. Being bound back to back, each one, as he escaped from the circular fire, pushed the other nearer to it, and their struggles in the midst of the flames were terrible. After tortures, who almost drowned their screams of agony with yells of laughter—the victims fell dead, and, as I supposed, they were left upon the ground to bake till the fire burned out, the wood was all used, and the roasted bodies were removed and eaten, each one cutting off a piece for his share, and both devouring it greedily. When all was over, my companions and myself were taken back to our prison once dead than alive.

"We were again left by there for a week, and then he was taken out and roasted in the same manner, and I was left alone, the last survivor of the ill-fated crew. I starved myself as much as I could, for fear I should get into a good condition for their appetites, and after keeping me a week longer, my captors signified that they would take me out on the next day to have my liberty. The female selected for my partner was old and ugly, but the hope of escape made me seem pleased with the revolting alternative, and thus I escaped the complication of a infernal trifle.

"For a month I was closely watched and guarded, but I affected to be so well contented with my new life, that by the end of that time their vigilance began to relax, and then I felt almost certain of being able to effect my escape to the other side of the island, and there finding refuge among another race. Meantime I had to be a witness to several other human roastings, and was even obliged to partake of the revolting food with seeming relish, to prevent suspicion of any dissatisfaction with my wretched lot.

"Of the cannibals of Formosa, I have little knowledge beyond those of the village in which I was for three months a prisoner, but from what I saw, I am inclined to believe the whole race are complete savages, without industry or art, and not a whit removed from the barbarism of their ancestors. It is true their houses and lands have a look of civilization; but these they owe to the skill and labor of their captives, whom they employ and destroy as suits their pleasure or caprice. Like the North American Indians, they are fond of athletic sports, and spend much of their time in hunting, fishing, fighting and marauding. They have war songs and dances, and indulge in some sort of religious, which principally consists in propitiating the evil spirit by the most diabolical human sacrifices. Some of the women are rather comely in appearance, but their manners are fierce and irritable, and their moral qualities of the lowest order. The men murder a man quite as coolly as they would a dog, and are as much compelled to remain with those savages was an act of horror, and did more to break down my constitution than previous years of hardships, exposures and privations.

"At last I managed to escape in the night, and after concealing myself two days in the woods, I found a boat on the beach, in which I put to sea, and was picked up by a passing vessel, and conveyed to my native land. But since my return I find I am not the same man I was before, and the recollection of the horrid scenes I witnessed often wakes me in the night, causing torments, and shrink out with terror in my sleep."

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Poetically, it is very well. Practically, I object with a frown, and shrewd as some things that proved they had found the wreck. They then proceeded to divide up my clothes and the dead bodies, after the manner of so many hungries contending for animals they intend to slay. We remembered we were among cannibals, trembled with terror, and regretted we had died perished with the vessel. Both of my companions were large and stout, and I knew they would be quite fleshy. With him the savages seemed much pleased. Then they left us, and pulled, felt, and nodded to each other with smiles, while he, poor fellow, with terror, trembling limbs, and eyes half starting from their sockets, looked the horror we all felt, but were afraid to trust ourselves to speak. Next in their approval was my other companion, but he was not pronounced fat enough for me. Then in my life I thanked God for being small, thin, lousy and muscular.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILITARY.—The highest position that can be granted to an officer of our army is one half the pay of a lieutenant-colonel, i. e., $1,828 per month. This amount of pension would be given to any officer of that rank or above that rank, who should be completely disabled while on duty. It would probably be granted, also, to a major or captain. The pension of a disabled U. S. officer of the rank of a lieutenant, second lieutenant, &c., does not exceed $1,000 per month; second lieutenant, $1,000; first lieutenant, $1,200; captain, $1,400; major or private, $1,600. The widow or dependent child of an officer who has died from wounds received in action is entitled to his half-pay for five years, and to a pension for twelve months more, in certain cases. How much a man must be injured for him to be entitled to pension does not appear. We presume, however, that the loss of a leg, or of the right arm, or a permanent injury to the eyesight would entitle a man to the highest pension of the Republic.

BERTIE, Bergen County, N. J.—Andrew, as to your qualifications for admission into the Academy. No. candidate will be admitted into the Naval Academy, unless at the time of examination he is found qualified, in the opinion of the Medical Board, to discharge the ordinary duties of an officer of the Navy, and shall have passed a satisfactory examination before the Academic Board. If both these examinations result favorably, the candidate will receive an appointment as a Midshipman, become an inmate of the Academy, and be allowed the monthly expenses from the date of entry. As to the contrary, he shall not pass both these examinations, he will be returned to his home, and cannot enter the Academy during the year. A candidate who has once presented himself for examination, under the permission of the Department, and has been rejected, cannot be sent up a second time for examination a second time. QUESTIONER.—Candidates for the cadet fraternity and under seventeen years of age at the time of the examination for admission; but must be from fourteen and upwards at the time of appointment. They must be of good moral character, and have a fair English education, including orthography, reading and writing, and the elementary principles of arithmetic, viz.: numeration, and the addition, subtraction, multiplication and division of whole numbers. Candidates appointed to the Military Academy at West Point, must be over sixteen and under twenty-two years of age, at the time of their admission to Military Academy. They must be at least five feet in height, and free from all bodily infirmity or disease which would render them unfit for the military service, and be a fair example of health and symmetry of bodily character. They must be able to read well, spell correctly, write a fair hand, and have a fair knowledge with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four first rules of Arithmetic, of arithmetic, of reduction, of compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions. Each candidate must be examined by a Board of Officers, appointed by the Military Academy, and must produce to the Board a certificate from the Surgeon of the Post at which he may be stationed at the time of his examination by an experienced Medical Board; and should he be found deficient in any of the above requirements, such a degree as will probably impede his efficiency, he will be rejected. Application for appointments must be made by the candidate himself, or by a parent, guardian, or friend in his behalf, to the member of Congress representing the time for making appointments, and should be made to the Secretary of War. The appointment is given on account of priority of application, and no information can be given as to the number of vacancies, or the number of competitors. Should you receive an appointment, the candidate, the member of the Congressional district in which he resides, and shall then be examined and appointed to the Military Academy. It must state his present residence, and the time when he expects to arrive at the Academy where set forth. Appointments are made in March, and should be then successfully examined, are entitled to present themselves at the Academy in the following June.

F. M.—We do not wish to "give an absolute opinion upon the personality and profession of the 'phrenological' even with the description you refer to friends of your acquaintance, who have had their heads read by phrenological developments." If the parties themselves will make an account of their own feelings, and how can they expect a stranger to do so? and if they do not, the phrenologist is not to be blamed for it. Let them write out their own feelings, and then see how they agree with each other as near as possible.

ANNIE.—We have repeatedly answered the question you ask us request to a man's marrying a wife since he has married her sister. Custom says he may not, but the general rule is:

"Let each one the woman take
As either then herself as woman she is bin,
Or as she is, or as she may become."

Custom is a tyrant, and we have no sympathy with her.

H. M. says he is in a sad and painful dilemma, his heart is divided between two, and he wishes to be set right. He has been for eighteen months in love with a young lady, whom he considers perfection herself to another man. This gentleman has been paying his addresses to her, but having broken her engagement with her new lover, she has returned to accept her former love with pleasure. "What shall I do?" he asks. We advise you to have nothing more to do with either of the ladies, and thereby no your old sweetheart has proven herself.

ANNIE.—"Is a person a reasonable smiling at print" passage which you are so anxious to find, occurs in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," and is part of a certain young lady, who was passionately in love, &c.:

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Fond as her damsel slowly she pirat is thought:
And many Jason come in quest of her.
O, fortune, fortune! Thou art too unjust
Reading or pity?"

JOHN.—If you are, as you say, "as through college just as well as not" before commencing your legal studies, you ought to do so. The best preparation for the study and in the profession of the law you will want all the information you can get, and the more general it is the more available it will prove.

ESTELLE.—In the Crimea, the French troops were well clothed, and provided with every comfort. The Turks were ill-fashioned smooth bore. Guns or two brigades had rifled guns. The English troops were armed with rifled guns that known Bess. He exported the American officers to be the best shots in the world, and so they are.

RON ERE.—We do not publish the addresses of private individuals. We have a letter for you, but as you do not say for how long you have been away from home, and where you are to be found, we cannot forward it to you. Write to us when you are settled, and tell us where you are to be found, and we will forward it to you. We do not know of any other way of communicating with you.

YOUNG PATRIOT.—The law limits the number of midshipmen, and requires that appointments from each State shall be apportioned, as nearly as practicable, equally among the several Congressional districts therein, and that the person appointed shall be an actual resident of the Congressional district of the State from which he is appointed. The law also requires that the Secretary of the Navy appoint from the district in which he resides. Applications should be made by the member of Congress representing the Congressional district in which the applicant resides, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy. No application will be considered unless the candidate is under or above the prescribed age; where the proper age, and actual and fixed residence, and the stated place where the applicant is not a resident of the Congressional district of the State from which he applies. The selection of candidates is made annually, and candidates who receive preference, will present themselves for examination before the Naval Academy, between the 20th and 30th of September. No candidate will be received into the Academy at any other time. Upon reporting to the Superintendent, the candidate will be examined by a Board of Officers, appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, to discharge the